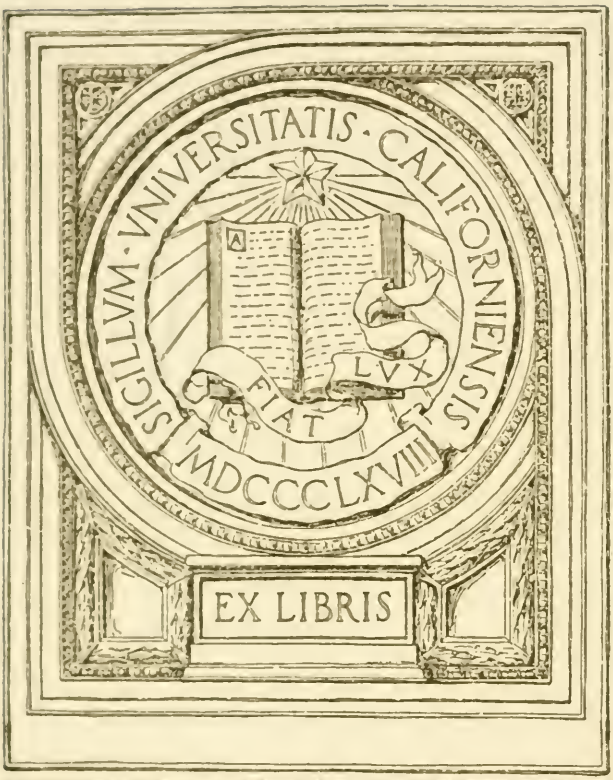
ANNA · SWANWICK

A MEMOIR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ANNA SWANWICK

ANNA SWANWICK

A MEMOIR
AND
RECOLLECTIONS

1813 1899

COMPILED BY HER NIECE
MARY L. BRUCE

WITH PORTRAITS

LONDON
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NOTE TO THE READER

MANY friends have asked for a memoir of Anna Swanwick, not only from admiration of her literary work and the part she took in the advancement of women's education, but still more from the love and esteem felt by all who knew her.

Such a life should have found a biographer worthy of the task, one who knew her during the strenuous years of active life, and whose literary skill could have done justice to her memory; but those contemporaries who shared in her enthusiasms and labours, and whose intercourse with her was of that intimate nature that heart met heart in sympathy and love, have passed away, and it has fallen to one who feels herself quite unequal to the task, to gather together the

scattered materials into a short history, one whose chief claim to undertake it has been an intimate relationship and heartfelt, reverent love.

To compile this brief memoir, however imperfectly, has been a work of much difficulty, as no diary was kept, and no written record of the events of Anna Swanwick's long and active life has been found amongst her papers, also an expressed wish that her private correspondence should not be published, has prevented the insertion of much that would have been interesting. It can therefore only claim to be a simple sketch intended to recall her in some measure to those who knew her, and to picture her to those who wish they had known her whilst here amongst us.

M. L. BRUCE.

May, 1903.

INTRODUCTION

"But often in the world's most crowded streets,
But often in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire,
After the meaning of our buried life." [1]

This cry of the poet's must find an echo in many hearts, and therefore, beside all other reasons why the life of Anna Swanwick should be recorded, appears to me this strong one, that here is a life which never lost itself in the unrealities of life. A light which never burned dim through the mists of a lower atmosphere, a soul which never for one moment was untrue to the highest which was revealed to it, but which habitually lived on a higher plane than the one we are mostly

[1] "The Buried Life," Poem. Matthew Arnold.

accustomed to. A plane which seemed to all who came under the charm of her presence to be not only, so much nearer the "Light that lighteth every man," but to be for the moment a plane that they too could rise to, under the uplifting power of her absolute truth, sincerity, and loving sympathy. I cannot call the spirit that pervaded her *charity*, unless we accept with the word the fullest meaning of the apostle, a spirit which hoped all things and believed all things good of every one who craved speech with her. But how impossible is it to convey in words the winning personality, the gracious charm which pervaded this loved presence. When we have drawn only an outline but have left out the colour, how poor is the sketch! So it seems with all penned words of description. How feeble they seem to convey the image!

For, after all is said, there remains the constant soul behind, which was ever renewing itself in communion with the unseen Father, in gracious self-renunciation, in strenuous effort for every good cause, and

for the perfecting of her work, and later in life, in noble bearing of pain and weakness, so that none ever saw the struggle, but only the unclouded brightness of the face day by day, the mind never relaxing its stimulating work, never doing anything other than perfectly, yet ever ready to unbend when the hours set apart for work were over. No one was ever more ready to enter into the joys of others and to throw herself into every living interest. A power this which even grew with growing years. How few are there who, devoted to literature, to social problems, to interesting correspondence with some of the finest minds of the day, to the engrossing claims of society, could yet enter into the pursuits and interests of all, young or old, of the religious enthusiast and of the man or woman into whose soul doubt had entered with all its train of bewildering troubles ; yet so it was, and each came for sympathy and found it, came for counsel and help, and went away refreshed and seeing the way clearer, came from the noise and turmoil of the

world, from its littleness and its strife, to find what life could be at its best, how beautiful was goodness and love, and how Duty, without being forbidding or showing a stern front, could be the watchword of life!

CLARA SWANWICK.

MRS. SWANWICK.

From a Miniature painted about 1826.

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ANNA SWANWICK

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

Anna Swanwick was born in Liverpool in the year 1813. She was the youngest of the three singularly interesting and gifted daughters of John Swanwick, merchant of that city. They were proud of claiming descent on their father's side from Philip Henry, the celebrated divine whose courageous opposition to the Act of Uniformity, resulted in his ejection from the Church, together with two thousand ministers of religion, in the year 1662. The memory of this ancestor was held in great esteem by the family, their

severance from the Established Church dating from that memorable time.

Both parents were ardent Liberals; it is recorded that a bust of Fox stood in the dining-room at St. James's Place, where they resided in Liverpool, and that the children were taught to look up to him as the representative of genuine Liberalism and wise statesmanship, in spite of his many failures. His advocacy of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act, his unceasing efforts for the abolition of the slave trade,[1] and his desire to obtain liberty of conscience for Dissenters, endeared the memory of Fox to all Liberals at that time.

Those were exciting times—the echoes of the French Revolution still reverberated in the air; the news of the battle of Waterloo in 1815 stirred the heart of the nation as

[1] This subject was perhaps debated more in Liverpool than in any other town, as in 1807 the number of ships engaged in the Slave Trade was 185, carrying it is stated 43,755 slaves from Africa to the West Indies and America!

it had never been stirred before. Great principles were at stake, and the people were awakening to a knowledge of their rights unjustly withheld by the favoured few. Party spirit in politics ran high; the very children, when they went to school, wore sashes of different colours to denote their parents' sympathy with Whig or Tory faction, and worked their samplers in red or green according to the colours worn by the different parties at election time.

It may easily be imagined that the important events that were agitating men's minds found free discussion when friends met together in Mrs. Swanwick's drawing-room, and that her daughters imbibed a taste for politics from their earliest youth, as they listened to their mother's arguments, which always carried weight from her clear-sightedness and good judgment.

It is a mistake to suppose that women, in the early part of the last century took less interest in public events than they do now. It is true they did not, in Liverpool at any

rate, take an active part in the election of members of Parliament, for at the time of which we are speaking, before the Reform Bill was passed, the elections often lasted six or eight days, and were frequently the cause of unseemly brawls and rioting; but that the excitement that was in the air aroused the keenest interest in the minds of Mrs. Swanwick and her daughters was often alluded to by Anna Swanwick when she spoke in public in after life. She used to recall with interest how in the year 1832, when the fate of the Reform Bill hung in the balance, the day the news was expected in Liverpool was spent by the family in a state of anxious expectation. Messengers came and went from the news office, but no tidings having arrived before nightfall, they retired to rest disappointed. In the middle of the night they were roused by pebbles being thrown up against the window, and on opening it to learn the cause, voices from the street called out, "The Reform Bill has passed." The joy of all their friends was

so great that they could not keep the news till the morning, but came to announce it to the sleeping household as soon as it arrived in Liverpool.

Mrs. Swanwick's maiden name was Hilditch. Her father died when she was a child, and as she was the youngest of five children and her mother's pet, she was apparently allowed more liberty than was usual in those days. The country round the family home, Trefflich Hall, in Shropshire, was wild and open, and as the energetic nature of the young girl led her to prefer a gallop over the moors to sitting at her lessons, the latter naturally took a very secondary place, and her education in consequence was somewhat scanty.

Hannah Hilditch married early, and realising for the first time, when she came to settle in Liverpool, how little she knew, she determined to make up for lost time by diligently studying all the standard works she could find, more particularly devoting her attention to history and literature in order

to be able to interest her young daughters in these subjects.

One can picture from description, the delightful winter evenings spent round the substantial drawing-room table (very unlike the inhospitable tables of the present day), the girls occupied with their pencils, for they all drew with skill and loved the work, whilst their mother read aloud scenes from Greek and Roman history, Pope's "Homer," Milton's "Comus," Cowper's "Task," Shakespeare's plays, &c. They gratefully acknowledged in after life that they owed their strongly marked love of poetry and interest in the classics to their mother's early training and enthusiasm for these subjects.

Mrs. Swanwick has been described by one who knew her well, as a very clever and interesting woman—she was practical as well as having literary tastes—everything that she undertook was well done, including housekeeping, of which she made a special study. Housekeeping in those days was a more serious business than it is now. It was not

the custom for tradespeople to call daily for orders, but the mistress of the house used to go in person to the large covered market and select what was needful, sometimes ordering a supply sufficient to last the family for three weeks in the winter-time. Then baking and brewing, and numerous other occupations, including fine needlework, were carried on at home, giving the household plenty of employment, in which the children loved to take a part.

From their mother the daughters inherited force of intellect, and from their father a lovable, genial, generous temperament; equally incapable of saying an unkind word, as of doing an unkind act; courteous in manner, and upright in all his dealings, Mr. Swanwick was the centre of a circle of warm-hearted friends in Liverpool.

. . . . .

In order to picture the early life and surroundings of the three sisters, it is necessary to transport oneself in imagination back into a very different world from ours, to realise the

age before railways, steamboats, and electricity, when Liverpool was lighted by oil lamps, when it took three or four days for letters to travel from London, when science was in its infancy, and there were no circulating libraries nor daily newspapers.

We can give here only a few details of Anna Swanwick's early life, but sufficient to form a charming picture of a bright, happy child, full of vivacity, and overflowing with love and sympathy for every joy or sorrow she met with in real life or fiction.

One little incident remained stamped upon her memory all her life. She used to relate how, when a child of three, she and her sister were standing at the door of a shop whilst the nurse was making purchases within, when a gipsy woman passing by, caught her up and ran with her down the street. The children screamed, and a gentleman learning what had happened, pursued the woman and made her deliver up the frightened child. There were no police regulations in Liverpool at that time, and the kidnapping of children was no uncommon crime.

She often recalled her delight, as a child, in watching the merchant vessels waiting in the Mersey for a favourable wind, and she was fond of describing how, when the wind shifted to the east, they hoisted their sails and like a flock of gigantic white-winged birds sailed majestically out to sea. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

In those days the only means of crossing the Mersey was by small rowing or sailing boats, and the tide was often so strong and the waves so high, that the passage from Liverpool to the *little villages* of Tranmere and Birkenhead was a perilous undertaking. The family removal in the summer to a cottage on the Cheshire side, was quite an exciting event to the children, and caused their mother so much anxiety that she each year said, "My dears, this must be the last time!" In spite of which, the cottage was taken as usual, and as it contained few necessaries, the household goods had to be conveyed in the small boats, and landed with considerable difficulty on the southern

shore ; there was then no pier, the only landing stage being a jetty of rough stones over which the waves often washed with great force, to the consternation of the mother, and the excited amusement of the children.

The following extract is taken from recollections written down by the eldest of the three sisters :—

"When we were settled in the cottage at Tranmere, one of our greatest pleasures was to go with papa in the morning to the river, and watch the boat in which he went back to town, and again to watch for his return in the afternoon. Liverpool is so near the mouth of the Mersey that the passage across the river is very wide. It was sometimes so rough, and the waves were so high, that the little boat was quite lost to sight, and we children were in the greatest excitement till he landed—fortunately no accident happened to the boats in which he crossed."

At that time, before steamboats were in use, to cross the Irish Channel was a formid-

able undertaking. On one occasion when Mrs. Swanwick had planned to take the children to visit some relations in the North of Ireland, they had to wait day after day for a favourable wind before going on board; at length the vessel started, but when out of sight of land, the wind dropped, and they were becalmed for so many days that they were a week in crossing from Liverpool to Belfast!

As a child Anna Swanwick had a remarkable memory; she often recalled with amusement how on being taken by the nurse to bring her sisters back from school, the girls used to come round her and say, "Now, little Anna, say 'L'Allegro.'" Then one of them would take her upon her knee, and she would repeat long passages from that unchildlike poem beginning :—

> "Hence loathéd melancholy
> Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
> In Stygean cave forlorn," . . .

to the great amusement of those standing

round. She could not have been more than four years old at this time, and she must have remembered the poem from hearing it read aloud.

At the age of six the little girl, unusually small of stature, and on that account looking even younger than her age, was considered old enough to go to school with her sisters. She was exceedingly quick, and made rapid progress in such learning as was then supplied in girl's schools. Her young companions had but a poor chance of getting to the top of the class in which she was placed, but one day, when owing to absence from illness she had not prepared her lesson, she found herself ignominiously at the bottom instead of at the top of the class. This distressed her so much that she burst into tears. Her mistress, whose power of sympathy was not great, reproved the little girl for being so selfish as not to like others to succeed sometimes. A reproof which the child felt to be unjust, seeing she had always worked hard to learn

her lessons, not with any wish to outshine her young companions, but from an innate desire to excel in all she had to do.

The three sisters had a vivid recollection of their delightful walks to school over the "Mount," taking hold of their father's hands in turn, and dancing with glee in the fresh morning air as he recited the verse from an old poet :—

> "This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
> And makes all nature in a jovial mood."

They had a very happy childhood, and formed a remarkable group. Mary, the eldest, tall and very lovely, full of vivacity and spirit, took the initiative in all their games; Catherine, the second, was of a more dreamy disposition, living in a romantic world of her own; and Anna, the little one, full of eager earnestness and bright joyousness, looked up to her eldest sister with an admiration that amounted almost to worship, following her lead in everything. Endowed with vivid imaginations

they needed no toys such as children have now, and having few books they invented their own stories. Sometimes they acted scenes from ancient history, or with their minds full of their lessons in mythology learnt at school, from the old book called "Magnall's Questions," they each chose the name of a goddess, and would personate Angenoria, Goddess of Industry, Minerva, and Flora in their youthful games. There existed at that time (about the year 1819) a piece of common land near their home, called Parliament Fields (probably now forming part of Prince's Park), where honeysuckles grew and wild roses were to be found, and through which ran a stream of clear water. Here they loved to spend their playtime in summer with their young friends, inventing all manner of diversions, and so engrossed were they in their sport that they sometimes forgot the dinner hour. Hence the stream received the name of "Lethe," and they begged to be excused when they came home late, saying "they had drunk of the waters of Lethe."

It is interesting to note that the mind of the future translator of Æschylus was steeped thus early in classic lore, and that mythological scenes and characters were as vividly realised by her as were the scenes and characters she read of in history.

An old friend wrote late in life :—

"It is now seventy years since we trotted to school together and enjoyed many a game of play at our house and your mother's. I think we were very simple children ; how we used to make our own amusements without all the appliances and aids which now seem so necessary when young folk meet together."

And an old relative when nearly ninety years of age wrote thus, recalling early days :—

"I remember you a dear little girl of seven, intent upon doing kindnesses to all around you—years afterwards I found you blessed with the same spirit. It has been the joy of your life, and has caused more happiness to others than you can have any idea of. . . ."

In quite early days an elderly friend of their mother's instituted what she called a "Bun and Budget Club," which met at her house once a month. All the members, including the three little sisters and several of their friends, were to bring either an original story or verses, or a drawing done without help. The stories and verses were read aloud by the hostess, and the drawings shown to the members and commented upon; then followed light refreshments and some fun before separating. Unfortunately none of these early writings have been kept.

The children were brought up in an atmosphere of simple devoutness. The parents belonged to the Unitarian congregation worshipping in the Renshaw Street Chapel, and they were accustomed on Sunday mornings from early childhood to attend the services there, and to listen to Mr. Harris's eloquent preaching, which drew large congregations. On Sunday evening their father, seated before the family Bible, the servants having

assembled, and the text having been found, would read one of Blair's or Enfield's sermons, which did not err on the side of brevity, and somewhat, it is true, taxed the patience of the younger members of the family.

A letter from a dear old grandmother, dated 1821, shows the religious feeling that pervaded the family circle. She wrote: "I assure you, my dear little girls, now I am arrived at my eightieth year there is no one thing I am more thankful for than that I was early instructed in the principles of Rational Religion. It has been my grand support and comfort through life, and will be yours, my beloved grandchildren, if you will continue in the right path."

Throughout their lives Anna Swanwick and her sisters remained attached to the religious communion into which they were born, and thus carried on the traditions of the family.

These few recollections can be filled in by the imagination to form a very charming picture of happy childhood.

. . . . .

That the education of girls in the early part of last century was very inferior to that of the present day is too well known to need comment here, but in spite of the imperfections of the system of teaching and the scarcity of books, one thing is certain, that the memory was trained by constantly learning by rote, and dates and other historical facts were impressed upon the mind so clearly that at the age of eighty they were remembered as though they had been learnt yesterday.

It is interesting to reflect that in spite of all the deficiencies in school training at that time, and the lack of opportunities for culture such as we have now, the century produced some of our greatest thinkers, statesmen, philanthropists, and poets, who were children at the same time as the subject of this memoir, and some of whom afterwards became her attached friends.

One result of the education given to girls in those days was the creation of an intense thirst for knowledge and a longing for

opportunity to fill in the blanks left by imperfect teaching. Thus, although at the age of thirteen Anna Swanwick was considered to have learnt as much as it was necessary for a girl to know, and was taken away from school, she did not on that account consider her education finished. She frequently described her yearning after more instruction in mathematics and other branches of knowledge beyond her reach as so great that she shed tears in secret over her inability to procure it, and in later life the memory of her early strivings made her anxious to help those who could not help themselves by raising the general standard of girls' education.

The following extract is taken from an address delivered by her late in life at Bedford College :—

"In my young days, though I attended what was considered the best girls' school in Liverpool, the education there given was so meagre that I felt like the Peri excluded from Paradise, and I often longed to assume

the costume of a boy in order to learn Latin, Greek, and mathematics, which were then regarded as essential to a liberal education for boys, but were not thought of for girls.

"To give some idea of the educational meagreness alluded to above I may mention the fact that during my schooldays I never remember to have seen a map, while all my knowledge of geography was derived from passages learnt by rote. The teaching of grammar and of other subjects was on a par with that of geography; I will not, however, dwell at greater length upon these educational deficiencies, enough having been said to account for my dissatisfaction with the education which at that time fell to the lot of girls."

Her eldest sister wrote: "She had an insatiable thirst for knowledge as a girl, and an intense love of poetry, which led her to learn by heart the principal poems of Milton, Cowper, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, and Shelley." She generally carried a volume of one or other of these poets about with her,

and their thoughts became so completely a part of herself that all through life, to an advanced age, she could quote long passages to illustrate some subject under discussion, or to impress some truth upon her hearers. Not only did her intimacy with the poets fill her mind with beautiful images, but it gave her a fluency of expression and a grasp of the true meaning of words, which materially assisted her in the work of translation in after life.

She said of herself—

"I was brought up in a poetical atmosphere, and at a very early age I took a great delight in committing to memory the choicest utterances of our best poets. I shall never forget the delight with which I first read Milton's 'Comus,' an exquisite poem, many pages of which I learnt by heart, and which now enrich my mental treasury."

She was never idle after leaving school. Music and drawing occupied a fair share of time, but languages, for which she early showed a talent, chiefly engrossed her attention.

With the aid of her sister Mary she learnt German ; how they studied with grammar and dictionary, so as to be able to read Schiller's works with pleasure, was often recalled in after life. They also had lessons in Italian from Panizzi, the Italian refugee, who was described as a most delightful teacher.

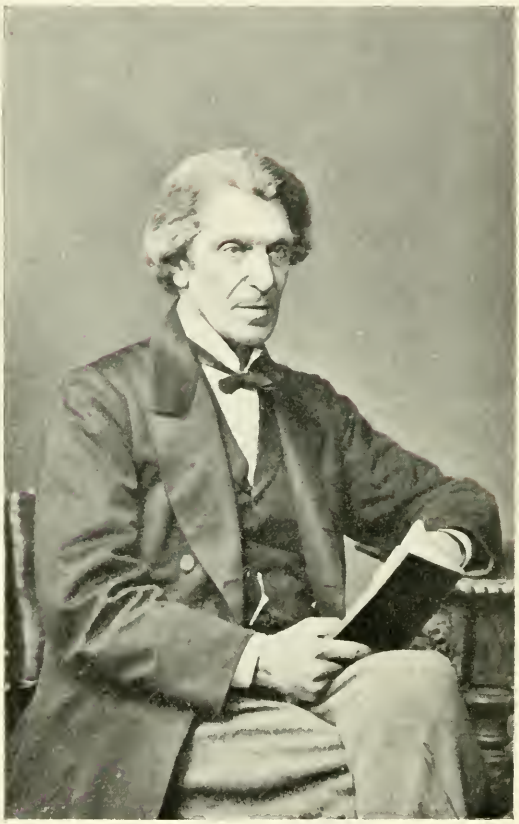
. . . . .

In the year 1829 a shadow was cast over the family by the death of their much-loved father in the prime of life. This was an irreparable loss. They all missed his ready sympathy, his loving unselfish thought for others, and his bright genial spirit which gave a glow to life.

. . . . .

At the age of eighteen Anna Swanwick had the happiness of meeting with an instructor in Mathematics and Philosophy who realised all her most ardent desires.

In the year 1831 the Rev. James Martineau came to be minister at the Unitarian Chapel in Paradise Street, Liverpool.



REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street.

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Not only were his sermons a delight to all who could follow them, but his lectures on Mental and Moral Philosophy, opened a wide field of interest to his pupils, of whom Anna Swanwick was one. The teaching of James Martineau at that time appears to have acted as a wonderful stimulus to her mental development, revealing vistas undreamt of in her narrow course of reading, and widely extending her horizon. She felt grateful all her life for his assistance and guidance in her youth, and the friendship thus begun, continued with only occasional interruptions during a period of sixty-five years !

The following extract from a letter written some years later by a friend who had been a fellow-student under the Rev. James Martineau, is interesting as showing his influence on the young people who attended his classes :

"When Mr. Martineau first came to Liverpool," she wrote, "my mind seemed to be suddenly opened. I saw things I had never before even imagined. I took an

interest in things I could not appreciate before he came, in fact, every day I felt myself to be acquiring new powers and interests. I look back upon that time as the happiest part of my life, and most thoroughly did I enjoy it. . . ."

Thus with her desire for knowledge in some degree satisfied, surrounded by a number of warm-hearted friends, and in the enjoyment of delightful summer excursions with her family to Wales and the Lakes, where she had the pleasure of seeing Wordsworth and Coleridge, her youth passed happily till another break in the family circle made a great change in her life.

Never were two sisters more devotedly attached than were Anna Swanwick and her eldest sister Mary, whose exquisite beauty, charm, and grace, utter unconsciousness of self and nobility of character, fascinated all who came in contact with her. A cousin once wrote, "When Mary is in the room I have eyes for no one else!" The two sisters were inseparable companions in their

youth, sharers in one another's joys and sorrows, occupations, and enthusiasms, till the year 1835, when their companionship was interrupted by the marriage of the eldest sister to Henry Bruce, youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Belfast.

The marriage took place in Dublin from the house of Rev. Dr. Hutton, a near relative.

Anna Swanwick felt the parting from her beloved companion so keenly that life seemed to have lost its interest for her, and to occupy her thoughts she took to the study of Goethe's "Iphigenia." She used to describe herself as sitting under the shade of the trees in the Botanical Gardens at Glasneven, near Dublin, with her Goethe and dictionary pondering over the translation of difficult passages, and she worked so hard, that in three weeks she had completed the translation of the play, as well as her imperfect knowledge of the language permitted. She then attempted the "Torquato Tasso," and Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans." No

thought of publication ever crossed her mind at this time—she worked purely as a mental distraction—but it so happened that this first attempt at translation proved the index which pointed the way to her life-work as translator some years later.

. . . . .

In the year 1838 Mrs. Swanwick and her two unmarried daughters decided to remove to London, and the home in Liverpool was broken up.

They had scarcely had time to settle into their new home, in Tavistock Place, when a long-wished-for opportunity occurred for Anna Swanwick to visit Germany. One of the daughters of Dr. Zumpt, to whom she had been introduced, was returning to Berlin accompanied by an English friend (Miss C. Lupton), and they pressed her to go back with them.

So great was her desire, not only to perfect herself in the German language, but also to study Greek in order (these were her own words) "to be able to read the New Testa-

ment in the original," that she eagerly acceded to the proposal.

In this age of universal travelling it may cause a smile to learn that in the year 1838 a journey to the Continent was considered an adventurous undertaking, more particularly for young ladies travelling alone. We have to remember, however, that after the crossing to Hamburg, which took forty-eight hours or longer, there still remained four days' posting in a diligence before reaching Berlin, and it is not surprising if it required some courage for the inexperienced traveller to make up her mind to go so far. At that time it took five or six days for letters to reach Berlin from London, the postage being 1s. 8d. a letter! Family counsel was against her going, but the desire to learn was stronger even than home ties, and she was impelled to seek her goal at all risks.

It so happened that Miss Zumpt and her friend were obliged to leave before she was ready, and she had thus to cross to Hamburg by herself, or to abandon the plan, which she

was unwilling to do. She often looked back to that time, and described how her heart sank when she saw the shores of England receding from her sight, as she stood on the deck of the vessel alone, leaving all those she cared for behind, for the first time in her life. Fortunately in Hamburg she was joined by Miss Zumpt and her English friend; and after a tedious journey of four days' posting they arrived at Berlin, where Professor and Mrs. Zumpt gave them a most cordial welcome.

Professor Zumpt was at that time director of the Kriegschule in Berlin. He was a very clever man, an authority on grammar and the science of language generally, and it was very gratifying to the young student from England to find that he took a great interest in helping her to improve her knowledge of German, encouraging her in the kindest way to join in the conversation. He always called her "Die Kleine Ännchen," adding the diminutive to her name as she looked so small beside his four tall daughters.

In order to satisfy Miss Lupton's desire to learn Hebrew, with a view to translating Ewald's "History of Israel," a search was almost immediately made for a professor willing to undertake the unusual task of instructing two ladies in an Oriental language. In a surprisingly short time they were able to read Hebrew—this, however, was not Anna Swanwick's object in going to Berlin —she was determined to master Greek, and when she concentrated her mind upon anything, she always succeeded in attaining the object she had in view. The professor of Greek who came to give her lessons must have found her an apt pupil, for he soon gave her Plato's dialogues to translate into German, and she wrote home that she was reading "The Phaedo" in the original, and had "found in it a mine of wealth."

We have unfortunately few details of her life in Berlin, nor have we any account of the friends she made during her stay there, but when one learns that Professor Zumpt advised a course of reading of the best

authors to improve her knowledge of the German language and literature, that she became absorbed in the study of Kant, Schliermacher, and Fichte—Lessing, Herder, and Heine—besides studying the Greek philosophers, it is not difficult to realise how her mind was filled with philosophical speculations to the exclusion of more mundane subjects.

At the age of seventy she wrote to a friend : " In bygone years Fichte was one of my inspirers—at that time his utterances were to me like the sound of a clarion." And one can trace in all she spoke and wrote in after life the influence of his teaching that " to attain to the knowledge and love of God is the chief aim of life." She appears also to have been fascinated by " Titan " and other works by Jean Paul Richter, whose weird imagery seized hold of her imagination, and one can easily realise that she gained a fresh insight into Goethe's works as her grasp of the language grew firmer. It is surprising to learn that she also found time

for lessons in mathematics from Dr. Zumpt, this being a subject in which she was as deeply interested as in philosophy and literature. She never lost an opportunity of gaining fresh insight into the deeper problems of the science, and always spoke of the intense pleasure the study gave her.

At that time, for one of the "gentler sex" to leave the beaten track, and venture on paths hitherto only trodden by men, was considered eccentric to say the least! But Anna Swanwick seems to have been impelled by an inward force to brave the criticism of her friends, and following the bent of her mind, to gather material for future work.

She was a rare instance of great intellectual ability, and power of deep thinking, combined with an almost childlike simplicity of character.

Thus, although her thoughts were occupied with subjects of such deep and serious import, she was able to enter into the pleasures and occupations of her young friends. She often described with lively

interest the Christmas she spent in Berlin—the mystery attending the preparation of presents for different members of the family for weeks beforehand—how each of the four daughters wanted to make her the confidante of secrets that were not to be divulged—the dressing of the tree on Christmas Eve—the setting out of numerous little tables covered with carefully-hidden presents—the lighting up—the bursts of youthful delight as one after another received their gifts—all made a picture of simple enjoyment that never faded from her memory. Then cloaked and hooded the whole family started out, carrying lanterns through the snow-covered streets to some friends' house where the same scenes were enacted.

Having been brought up, as we have seen, with somewhat strict views as to Sunday observances, she frequently described the shock it gave her to hear the Zumpt family arranging to go to concerts and even to the opera on Sunday evenings. They vainly tried to persuade her to accompany them,

but thinking it was wrong to go, she never once yielded to the temptation, and thus missed hearing some of the best music.

In after life when she took a wider view of the subject of religious observances, she entered heartily into the work of the Sunday Society, whose object was to secure the opening of Museums and Picture Galleries on that day. She gave several addresses on the subject, as will be seen later on, but she always drew the line at the Opera, the Theatre, and Music Halls, remembering her Continental experiences.

After eight months' hard study she returned home May, 1839. Never, surely, was a thirst for knowledge more abundantly satisfied. The thoughts implanted in her mind at that time, germinated and bore fruit in after life, strengthening her character, and widening her mental outlook.

In after years, when regretting the want of opportunities in her youth, and whilst assisting to promote the higher education of girls, she gratefully acknowledged that under

Dr. Zumpt's guidance she had gained more thorough knowledge of Greek, German, and mathematics in a few months than she would have done at school or college with a far longer period of class teaching.

That she was no fanatic on the subject of the study of Greek may be seen by the following answer, given some years after this date, to a mother's inquiry as to whether she considered it advisable to include Greek in a boy's or girl's education.

"Deeply interested as I was in the study of Greek, and intense as was the pleasure of its acquisition, I yet hesitate to recommend it as a part of the curriculum of boys or girls, unless it can be taken later, and with more concentrated determination to master the extremely difficult grammar than is usually given to school lessons. An attempt to master Greek, when a few hours only a week can be given to the lessons, and not with the undivided attention of the whole mind, would be in my opinion a waste of time.

"It is to be remembered, moreover, that in

the literature of Greece and Rome, there are no works adapted expressly for the young. The ancient classics, written by adults for adults, are beyond the intelligence of immature minds, whilst in regard to the moral lessons to be drawn from them, the superiority in my opinion is vastly in favour of more modern writers."

CHAPTER II

MIDDLE LIFE
1840–1870

On her return to London Anna Swanwick turned her attention to the translation of Goethe's "Iphigenia," parts of "Torquato Tasso," and the "Jungfrau von Orleans" which she had made before leaving for Berlin, and having carefully revised them, she submitted the MSS. to Mr. Murray, who undertook to publish them, under the title of "Selections from the Dramas of Goethe and Schiller," with a preface from the translator at the beginning of each. This volume appeared in 1843.

It is interesting here to record that towards

the close of his life, when Anna Swanwick was in her eightieth year, Sir Rutherford Alcock asked to be introduced to her, saying, that it was her introduction to the "Iphigenia," together with her translation, which had first led him in his youth to study Goethe, and he wanted to thank her for thus introducing him to the great poet's works.

The volume of "Selections" did not receive much notice from the general public, but it at once attracted the attention of Mr. Bohn the publisher, who was bringing out his series of classical works, under the title of the "Standard Library."

The writings of Thomas Carlyle were at that time awakening an interest in German literature that amounted almost to a passion. German novels and poetry, and translations of the dramas of Goethe and Schiller, were eagerly sought after, and Bohn, taking advantage of the popular enthusiasm, engaged the best translators he could find, to render these works into English for his library.

He was so much struck with the vigour

displayed in the volume of "Selections," that he wrote to the then unknown authoress, asking her to complete the translation of the "Maid of Orleans" for him, by filling in the omitted parts. This she undertook to do, and Bohn was so well pleased with the result that he brought it out in a volume that also contained "Don Carlos" and "Marie Stuart" by other translators. Then followed a verse translation of "Egmont," which was published in 1850 in another volume of the Standard Library. Thus without premeditation on her part, and somewhat suddenly, she found herself launched on her life-work as a translator.

Soon after the publication of the "Iphigenia," "Maid of Orleans," &c., she received, greatly to her surprise, a letter from Bohn, asking her to undertake the translation of "Faust." That one of the leading publishers of the day should have thus applied to her, and entrusted her, at the outset of her literary career, with such an important work, proves in a remarkable

manner the estimation of her early translations formed by those best able to judge of their merit.

With unbounded mental energy and indomitable spirit, she did not shrink from the difficulties of the task placed in this startling manner before her, and after taking time for consideration she agreed to undertake the work. Bohn then offered to send her all the translations of "Faust" that had already appeared; but she declined the offer, saying she wished hers to be original.

One secret of her success was her power of concentrating her mind upon the subject that occupied her for the time being, so that the whole force of her brilliant intellect was brought to bear upon the task she had set herself to accomplish. She worked *con amore*, no thought of recompense or fame ever crossed her mind. To reproduce Goethe's masterwork in a way that Goethe himself would have approved, was her sole ambition.

She has described her method of trans-

lation as follows: First she made the original so thoroughly her own that she could repeat it passage by passage, and thus carry it in her mind wherever she went, all the time endeavouring to find English words to express the meaning of each German word as accurately as possible—having done this she wrote it down, and put the passage into metre as nearly resembling the original as the difference of language would permit. This appears to have been a different plan from that adopted by some eminent translators, who described their method as that of writing and rewriting their English version until the style was made as perfect as possible, without regard to the actual rendering of each individual word or phrase into its equivalent in English.

In 1851 the first part of the "Faust" was published together with "Iphigenia," "Tasso," and "Egmont" in one volume, and the merits of this translation are too well known to need comment here. Mrs. Jameson remarked, "Few women have

accomplished a more difficult task," and she expressed surprise that such a work of genius as Anna Swanwick's translation of "Faust" should have received so little recognition from the general public at the time of its first appearance. She could not foresee that thirty years after this date a fifth edition would be published, showing that the translation has held its own amongst all the others that have appeared.

To go back for a few years, on the appearance of her first volume of translations, she received the following characteristic letter from the Rev. James Martineau, who was at that time still in Liverpool, and who was one of the editors of the *Prospective Review* :—

"Among the many revolutions in human affairs since you and I used to hold consultations together in a certain obscure study in Mount Street, Liverpool, we have been refreshed by reading your poetry, and you possibly have been wearied by our prose ; and now, on behalf of the *Prospective*

Review, I venture to make an appeal to your ready skill and readier generosity. We can manage to mesmerise our readers and get them to sleep fast enough, but we cannot de-mesmerise them; and we want a few light waves from the enchantment of your hand, for fear they should absolutely go off into a comatose state. Now there is a young poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath, whose writings, though I believe fresh and vigorous, are little known in this country, and which could by no one be more worthily introduced to greater notice than by you. He is now living in London exiled by the Prussian Government for the freedom of his political strictures. . . ."

In reply to this appeal she translated some of Freiligrath's poems, and wrote an article for the *Review* with an account of the poet's life.

On receipt of the MSS., the Rev. J. Martineau wrote the following letter :—

"Accept our hearty thanks for your able and willing compliance with our petition. I

have read your critique and translations with great interest and admiration. Many of the poems appear to me to be rendered with delightful truth and spirit, and all to be presented in a way to do both author and translator—to say nothing of editors—great honour. As for the last poem (The Picture Bible), I have read nothing more charming for many a year. . . ."

It was during these years of devotion to literary work of an absorbingly interesting nature, that she occupied her spare time in a labour of love, which she looked back upon at the end of a long life with pleasure and satisfaction. When she came to settle in London she interested herself in seeking out cases of sickness and suffering, in garret and cellar, and she used to relate how, when visiting the poor streets round Tottenham Court Road on her errands of mercy, she frequently met little girls carrying babies, and looking as if they had nothing to interest them. She accosted some of these, and asked if they went to school, to which they invariably

replied, "Oh, no, the boys go to school—mother wants me to mind the baby!" This was long before the Education Act was even under discussion—there were few schools in the neighbourhood, and the fees were so high that the parents could not afford to send both boys and girls, so the latter were kept at home.

When she thought of their contracted lives, her sympathy for these poor girls was aroused. She and a friend called on their mothers and persuaded them to allow the children to come for lessons two evenings a week to her house in Woburn Square, where she then lived with Mrs. Swanwick and her sister. She found them ignorant of the simplest rudiments of education, but quick, and ready to learn, and she interested them so much in what she taught them, that the report of her delightful classes spread, and many others were eager to come. She then induced some friends to join her in renting a room in the Colonade (now demolished), and here they held classes twice a week for

girls who were unable to go elsewhere to school. She entered into the work with characteristic energy and devotion, and the influence she exercised over her pupils is thus described by one of the few survivors of those who were privileged to attend these classes.

E. S., old pupil, writes :—

"My remembrance of dear Miss Anna Swanwick dates back as far as 1847. In or about that year, I was admitted as a pupil in a school which she opened in conjunction with other ladies. The classes were held in a room over a shop in the Colonade (a quaint old-world place now demolished). The room was large, we were thirty-six in number, that was our limit, and vacancies were readily filled by waiting candidates. Our curriculum was poor compared with the present School Board Code, nevertheless what we learnt was *well* learnt, and was *worth* learning. We were taught self-reliance, self-respect, courtesy, and good manners, order and punctuality, a spirit of truthfulness,

and the habit of thinking *for* ourselves, not *of* ourselves. I can see Miss Anna now with her sweet smile and calm gentle voice, as she taught us some new rule in arithmetic, or explained something obscure in our reading lesson. Then in our reading no monotonous drawl, no dull meaningless uttering forth of mere words, was permitted. She would explain all that might seem obscure in the language, would depict the circumstances to which our reading referred, describe the environment and scenery, and then bid us read on, and we had to read a sentence or paragraph again and again until the right tone and emphasis had been given, showing that we felt and understood the meaning of what we were reading. . . .

"My almost hero-worship of dear Miss Anna Swanwick lifted my heart and mind into realms of thought and feeling which saved me from sinking into morbid melancholia during my sad life. . . . After long years I met her again. How kind she was, what delightful half hours I have had with

her! This renewed intercourse was all too brief—advancing age, increasing the frailty of her bodily powers — but there still remained the warm heart, the clear intellect, the sweet smile and tender look."

This work exemplifies in a striking manner the love of humanity which ran like a golden thread through her whole life, and was the essence of all her teaching.

A few years later these classes were removed to Newman Street, and here she also collected together young women from the neighbouring shops for social evenings, reading and recitation.

When Dr. Martineau came to settle in London as Professor of Manchester College, and subsequently as Minister of Little Portland Street Chapel, he was so much impressed with the need of schools in that neighbourhood, that, together with a band of zealous workers, he raised funds to build the Portland British Schools, now transferred to the School Board, and the girls' classes, above mentioned, were then incorporated in this

school. Anna Swanwick took a warm interest in the scheme from the first, and soon turned her attention to the boys, who on leaving school, drifted into undesirable companionship. For these lads, she held evening and Sunday classes, and she frequently remarked that in order to hold the attention of youths of that age, and to make the lessons sufficiently interesting to induce them to come voluntarily week after week, required serious thought and consideration on the part of the teacher. Scenes from history were pictured by her so graphically that they were listened to with keen interest; she inspired their imaginations and made the great men she told them about live and move before them as realities. She used to relate how one day she met one of her lads going to his work, and how he touched his hat and said, "Please, mam, I'm thinking as that Marcus Arelius, as you was telling us about, was a fine fellow!" showing how completely her description had taken hold of his mind and dwelt in his thoughts.

She gave them of her best, "good measure pressed down and running over," and moving on a higher plane herself she lifted them out of their common-place surroundings.

It was her strong conviction that more ought to be done by cultivated men and women to influence boys and girls as they leave school, and in a kindly way direct them through that dangerous period of life. These are her own words :—

"I much wish that those who are labouring in the same field could know my experience —how I always found that my lads appreciated the best poetry, and any tale of heroism and self-sacrifice won their hearts and held their attention. I never knew at the time that my teaching had so much influence over them, but years afterwards letters have come from distant parts, saying how my former pupils remember my words, and these have gratified me more than all my literary success." She continued : "I consider that this form of beneficent activity is peculiarly important at the present time,

when multitudes of boys and girls are annually leaving our schools, to whom the kind and friendly advice of educated men and women would be an incalculable blessing. I earnestly hope that the various agencies established with this object will meet with generous and zealous support. . . ."

A few years before this period, in the year 1848, the Chartist movement, which was the outcome of the revolutionary spirit in France, created widespread alarm in London and elsewhere. Hundreds of ignorant and excitable young men joined the agitation and caused serious disturbances. It was clearly seen, by those who studied the people, that education should go hand in hand with political enfranchisement, and the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Ch. Kingsley, and others, impressed with this important subject, worked zealously to establish workmen's clubs and institutes, and colleges for working men and women, which before then had not been thought of. In this movement Anna Swanwick joined heartily. She lived to see many of her

dreams realised, the establishment of university settlements, polytechnics, extension lectures, evening recreation schools, and Morley College, where eight hundred students are enrolled from the working classes,—these were some of the fruits of the labours of a few zealous workers in the middle of the last century.

In the year 1849 great interest was excited amongst educated women by the opening of a college in Harley Street (Queen's College), under the auspices of the Rev. F. D. Maurice and other eminent men, to enable girls to continue their studies after leaving school. This was the first effort in the direction of the higher education for women which has since made such rapid strides. The following year a second college was opened in Bedford Square, now carried on in York Place, Baker Street. Anna Swanwick sympathised warmly in both these schemes, and rejoiced at the prospect of new spheres of usefulness and influence being opened for women in every direction. She was intimately connected

with these two colleges for fifty years, watching their growth with keen interest, and assisting in the deliberations of their governing bodies.

She lived to see a revolution in the education of girls that far surpassed the brightest dreams of her imagination, and to have the pleasure of sympathising with those who were organising the various schemes for promoting the higher education of women which have borne such abundant fruit.

Bedford College opened in 1850 with a brilliant staff of professors. Amongst those who first lectured there, are found such names as Augustus de Morgan, Rev. A. J. Scott, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, and Francis W. Newman.

Anna Swanwick was amongst the first to enter her name as a student to encourage others, and she also attended Professor F. W. Newman's classes on mathematics as lady visitor.

She has thus described the work carried on at Bedford College when it was first opened :—

F. W. NEWMAN.

From a Daguerreotype of 1851.

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"The lady visitors were required to sit by during the lectures, and were responsible to the council for the maintenance of order and discipline. I had thus the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the best methods of instruction in various departments of knowledge, and I shall always look back to my experience at that time as a very great privilege.

"I remember being particularly impressed by F. W. Newman's teaching of mathematics, including geometry and algebra; he saw at a glance if one of his pupils in algebra was not able to follow his calculations, which were often very elaborate; on such occasions instead of endeavouring to explain the difficulty to a single pupil, thus keeping the entire class waiting, he would interest them all by placing the subject in an entirely new light, which was possible only to one who had a complete mastery of his subject—one who, looking down from a mental height, could see the various paths by which the higher eminence could be reached. He succeeded,

moreover, in solving that most difficult educational problem, namely, how to awaken in students a keen interest in their studies. This he accomplished by telling them that if they followed patiently his preliminary expositions, he should be able to open to them vistas of great interest, such, for example, as the calculations of astronomers, by which they had determined the size of the planets, their orbits, and other interesting details. By these means he awakened the enthusiasm of his pupils, a result which I cannot but regard as the most satisfactory evidence of a teacher's success."

In continuation of this subject she quoted the following words from F. W. Newman:—

"Geometrical truth ought to be so cultivated as to impart a feeling of geometrical *beauty*. Unless the imagination is stimulated by the perception of beauty and symmetry, it is more difficult for the memory to retain mathematical truth. The teaching should so exhibit the reasoning, as to be not only intelligible but beautiful. . . ."

One day whilst attending Prof. Newman's class on mathematics, she perceived that he had made a slight error in the exposition of a problem, and when the lesson was over she ventured to call his attention to it. This struck him as a remarkable proof of her interest in abstruse calculations, and after thanking her for her correction, he offered to take her through a course of higher mathematics including the differential calculus, privately at her own home. She eagerly accepted the offer, having, as has been mentioned before, as great a love of mathematics as of poetry, and as she mastered the more abstruse problems she often said she realised, in some small degree, the truth of the celebrated utterance of Kepler: "How grand a thing it is to be able to think the very thoughts of God in framing the universe."

Greek was afterwards added to the lessons, and she gratefully acknowledged that the insight she gained into the intricacies of the language under Prof. Newman's guidance,

materially assisted her in the work of translating Æschylus later on, although she did not always agree with his reading of disputed passages.

With these studies began an ideal friendship lasting upwards of forty years, between these two scholars, who, though widely different in character, were one in earnestness of purpose, and devotion to the highest interests of mankind.

The Rev. W. H. Channing, speaking of F. W. Newman, has well described him as "one of the most genuine, guileless, and variously gifted men I have met since I came to Great Britain."

There were few subjects of interest, from the oldest mythological lore, to the latest Acts of Parliament, that did not come under discussion by correspondence or in friendly converse from time to time, between these two gifted friends. Francis Newman's wide scholarship, clear grasp of a subject, retentive memory and reasoning faculty, and Anna Swanwick's quick apprehension and sym-

pathetic response, made their conversation a rare treat to those who were privileged to listen. It must not be supposed that they always agreed. In a letter to Dr. Martineau she said :—

"Fortunately I have a combative element in my nature which leads me to agree with Emerson 'that a little healthy opposition is better than a mush of concession,' hence when any principle is involved, I do not hesitate to express my conviction. Social intercourse is thus, I think, rendered more interesting. If people are so wedded to their own views that they cannot bear opposition, the only course is to bring the discussion to a close with as little irritation as possible. . . ."

They sympathised in politics, being both Liberals from principle not from mere party spirit. As has been truly said, "Newman's politics were wholly based upon morality, with a total absence of partisanship, his interest in any political question being in exact proportion to its *moral* tendency." Anna Swanwick soon discovered that her friend's attitude

towards religion had been misinterpreted, and that although he refused to enrol himself as a member of any Christian Church, far from being an unbeliever (*atheist* as some then falsely called him) he had a deeply religious nature. She was of opinion that his book entitled "The Soul; her Sorrows and Aspirations," was a work which would live, as Dean Stanley is reported to have said, after all his brother the Cardinal wrote, had been forgotten. The following extract from a letter written some years after this date shows her wide catholicity of spirit. She writes :—

"With regard to our valued friend Professor Newman, I know no one whose life embodies more truly the grand principles of unselfish love and allegiance to duty which constitute, as it were, the life-blood of Christianity, and which shine forth with such surpassing lustre in the words and actions of Jesus Christ—were He once more to tread this earth, He would, I feel sure, hail Francis Newman as one of His disciples—and it is delightful to me to think how, when the veil

shall have fallen from the eyes of our friend, he will love and venerate Him in whose footsteps he is unconsciously treading."

. . . . .

On the publication of "Faust" in 1851, her society was sought by many interesting men and women, and with her, acquaintance rapidly ripened into friendship, when she found a responsive soul.

She used to remark that one of the pleasures of literary work was the opportunity it gave her of coming into contact with so many kindred spirits whom she would not otherwise have known.

To mention only a few:—She made acquaintance at this time with Frederika Bremer, whose pictures of life in Germany were read in those days as a standard work; with Mrs. Jameson who wrote on Italian Art, &c.; with Gotfried Kinkel and his wife, the Hungarian refugees; with Frances Power Cobbe, who was working zealously in the cause of women's

advancement, and whose large-hearted enthusiasm for all good work gained her the love and admiration of Anna Swanwick.

She was introduced to Thomas Carlyle, and vividly described the conversations she had with him, when the great spirit of the man burst forth into forcible and rugged expressions, like a mountain torrent breaking its bounds, as some topic was touched upon which excited his wrath. Regardless of the susceptibilities of his hearers, he uttered forth the truth that was in him, and no one ventured to oppose him when in these moods.

Very different was the temperament of George Macdonald, with whom she was intimately acquainted at this time. His poetic nature and deep religious feeling attracted her to him as with a magnet, and he thus beautifully expresses his affectionate regard for her—"There are some of whom you are certain that if a thousand years passed without a sign, they would yet meet you at the end with the

same recognition and the same love, and that is what I think of you. . . . ."

In a letter written to Mrs. Speir about this time acknowledging her book on Ancient India, she said :—

" As *a friend* I thank you for so valuable a token of your regard, and as *a woman* I thank you for adding another name to the list of those who have achieved literary excellence, and who thus offer the best argument for according to our sex a higher culture than that which usually falls to our lot."

Lady Bell, the widow of the great anatomist, Lady Eastlake, Helen Faucit, whose first appearance on the London stage created a sensation rarely equalled, and many more might be enumerated in the list of her friends.

Her translations from the German poets had made her acquainted with Mr. Crabb Robinson, whose friendship she greatly valued, and whose gift for conversation was so well known fifty years ago, to a

large circle in London society. He much enjoyed spending quiet evenings with her and her sister, at a later date, in Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, relating interesting anecdotes about Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, Madame de Stael, and numerous other celebrities whom he had known abroad. One day he did not appear as expected, but sent word that he was laid up with rheumatism and asking Anna Swanwick to go and see him. She found him suffering as he said, from some temporary ailment, which was not to be wondered at, as he was ninety-three years of age—but he added that he did not think it was possible for any one to be more content than he was, nor to have lived a happier life. Pointing to his bookshelves, he said he was surrounded by his friends, he talked with them, and was never dull. This was the last time she saw him, the next morning his servant brought the news that he had passed away quietly in the night.

H. CRABB ROBINSON.

From a Photograph by Maull & Fox, 187A, Piccadilly.

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Dr. W. B. Carpenter was one of Anna Swanwick's most valued and intimate friends.

Another friendship made about the time of the publication of "Faust," and which lasted for nearly thirty years, was that of Mrs. Wood, of Eltham Lodge, sister of Admiral Michell and aunt to General Sir Evelyn Wood. She thus describes her first introduction to her :—

"Having for many years enjoyed the friendship of Mrs. Wood, of Eltham Lodge, a most remarkable woman, a few particulars respecting my first introduction to her may not be uninteresting.

"I may mention that my dear mother suffered so much from asthma that she could not, with any comfort, spend November in London ; we were therefore accustomed for that month, and indeed often until Christmas, to repair to one of the warmer localities on the southern coast. On our proposal to visit Penzance, a friend gave me a letter of introduction to Mrs. Pascoe, wife of the rector of Marizion,

in the immediate neighbourhood of Penzance. Mrs. Pascoe was one of the most charming women whom it has been my privilege to know; full of wit, abounding in energy and affection, and altogether delightful. In the course of conversation she spoke of her friend, Mrs. Wood, of Eltham Lodge, whom she had not seen for many years, and of whose mental powers she spoke with enthusiasm. She expressed the wish that, on my return to London, I should make her acquaintance, and form a connecting bond between them. Accordingly soon after my return home, I received an invitation from Mrs. Wood to pay her a visit, of which I gladly availed myself, and found that Mrs. Pascoe, far from having exaggerated her mental powers, had by no means estimated them at their true value. She was a classical scholar, familiar with the authors of Greece and Rome, and being, moreover, gifted with a remarkable memory, she could, if so disposed, support her views, which were always original, by some apt quotation."

Mrs. Wood conceived a warm love and admiration for Anna Swanwick, as is shown by the following extracts from her letters. Speaking of sudden friendships, Mrs. Wood says :—

"Does not the feeling arise from our all being 'Harps with a thousand strings,' of which some are awakened with music by one hand, some by another. Many of the chords lie dormant for so long a time that we forget their sounds, and when they are unexpectedly struck, we are not only delighted by the silent melody, but grateful to the person who recalls it again" (January, 1858).

"Had I written to you as often as I have thought of you, you would have had billets like snow-flakes fluttering about your ears. I was going to make the comparison of the flowers which Petrarch recalls as falling in showers on Laura as she sat 'meek-eyed' in her bower, but the snow-flakes seemed more appropriate to my season, and to that of the year."

"You say it is delightful to live in an atmosphere of love. It is so, but I think you make the atmosphere, and therefore live in it wherever you are."

Mrs. Wood lived to be upwards of ninety, a great sufferer and nearly blind, clinging more and more to her bright, loving, and sympathetic friend, whom she addressed as "Figlia Carissima."

In the grounds at Eltham there was a beautiful piece of water, upon which Mrs. Wood had a boat. Many a delightful hour was spent resting under the shade of the overhanging trees, whilst she related anecdotes about her family, of whom she was justly proud. One of these was written down by Anna Swanwick as follows:—"On one occasion Mrs. Wood told me the following story of her brother, who afterwards became Admiral Michell. As a midshipman he was about to sail to Morocco in a vessel sent to put down the pirates, who at that time infested the Mediterranean and inflicted great injury

upon commerce. The press-gang was then in full force, and young Michell was ordered to keep guard over the men impressed as they were brought on board. It happened that on one occasion a remarkably fine young man was consigned to his keeping. Presently a boat was seen approaching the ship containing a woman and a boy; these were the mother and brother of the young man, who was allowed to join them when they came on board. The three were soon absorbed in discussing some question of deep interest, and before long the boy came to Michell, and after explaining that for family reasons it was most important that his brother should return home for the night, he begged to be allowed to remain as hostage. Michell replied that a dozen boys such as he, would not be as valuable to his Majesty as his brother, and that he could not possibly allow of his departure. The look of distress on their countenances when the boy returned with this message touched

the young midshipman, and he called the elder brother to him and said: 'I place my commission in your hands; I will allow you to depart, but if you do not return before six o'clock to-morrow morning, I am a ruined man for life.' He had no sooner spoken these words, than the young man leaped over the side of the vessel into the boat, helped down his mother and brother, and pushed off. The retreat had been executed so rapidly that Michell had reason to feel great anxiety as to the result. On the following morning, however, about five o'clock, he saw in the distance a dark spot upon the sea; it grew larger and larger, and at length he recognised in a boat the young man whose departure he had sanctioned the evening before, and who had loyally returned to the ship. That man became not only Michell's faithful servant, but his life-long friend; he was thus amply rewarded for the generous confidence which had marked the commencement of their acquaintance."

In the midst of a life thus full of varied interests, she was overwhelmed for a time by sorrow and sickness. The death of a favourite niece, a beautiful girl, talented, and of great promise, who was carried off at the age of eighteen by scarlet fever, grieved her inexpressibly, and the year following, she lost her much loved mother, after long and anxious nursing. She herself was then struck down by a serious illness, and was nursed back to life by her beloved eldest sister, without whose care she would in all probability have succumbed to the weakness which followed pleurisy and pneumonia.

A few extracts from letters written at different times show her firm faith in a future life, which sorrow and suffering had only served to strengthen :

"I feel all the difficulties attending the belief in the immortality of the soul, and at the same time my conviction of this great truth, is so strong, that I do not question it for a moment. It rests upon our belief

in the justice and love of God, and if we were once to lose our faith in Him, and the sense of our relation to Him as His children, the moral world would become a chaos, and man, with his high aspirations and yearnings after the infinite, would of all creatures be the most miserable. How could we bear to part with our beloved ones, if we had no hope of re-union! Human love, too, the most precious revelation and manifestation of God's infinite love, would, if this world were the end of all, become a source of pain rather than joy! We hardly realise I think how completely the idea of Immortality permeates, so to speak, all our affections, and how their whole character and nature would be lowered if they were limited to this earthly sphere."

Another extract :—

"How desolate would this life of ours be were its horizon bounded by the grave! How would our human interests, duties and affections, be dwarfed, if once severed from the infinite aspirations which ennoble them

and make them live. I cannot but think that those who style themselves Agnostics, nevertheless cherish in their inmost hearts an unacknowledged belief in immortality. They cannot really imagine that man, with his infinite longings and aspirations, is in truth, nothing more than a curious combination of oxygen, hydrogen and carbon, and other elements ! . . . ."

At another time the same theme finds expression thus :—

" Surely there is a heaven where we shall have ampler powers, and be able to quench our thirst for knowledge, and realise the higher instincts and aspirations implanted in the soul, of whose germ we are conscious, but which obtain here such feeble development. This strong feeling of unused capacities constitutes, to my mind, one of the strongest intimations of our immortality. If this life is the be-all and the end-all, our aspirations seem out of all proportion with the realities of our existence. . . ."

The following beautiful extract from a

letter written to her by Dr. Martineau bears on the same subject. After speaking of the numerous friends who had lately departed, he says :—

"Yet the sadness with which one looks at the vacant places, softens into a sacred calm, when one remembers that the missing lights are not extinguished but only removed to be refound hereafter. The joy of life need never pass away even from the longest lingerer, who can thus bid his beloved a short adieu. The clouds that gather round the sunset of life have their darkness turned to glory because their further side looks towards the light that only *seems* to set. . . ."

. . . . .

After their mother's death the two sisters removed to Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park.

Having settled in their new home, they started on a delightful tour through Switzerland and North Italy, accompanied by their niece, Emily Bruce, whose enthusiasm for sketching was shared by her aunt. During

this tour, after spending some weeks in the Bernese-Oberland they crossed over the St. Gothard Pass, and remained for some time in Italy, visiting the Italian lakes, Venice, Milan, Turin, &c. How intensely the grand scenes among the Swiss mountains impressed Anna Swanwick's imagination may be seen by the following extract from a letter written after her return from abroad :—

" Never shall I forget the emotion which overpowered me, when from the summit of the Görner Grat, I gazed upon the Matterhorn and his brother Titans, robed in their vesture of eternal snow. I felt that I must veil my face, and bend the knee as in the presence of the Infinite. . . ."

Her energy at that time was surprising. On one occasion the bearers of her sister's " chaise-à porteur," told her she had walked twenty miles, which astonished her greatly, as she had no feeling of over fatigue. The excitement of the scenery and the fine air seemed to brace her to any amount of exertion. It is to be regretted that we have no further

account of this and subsequent tours in Switzerland, but a few pages written down, some years later, show how poetical descriptions of nature were always in her mind, even when surrounded by "the artillery of heaven!" She wrote as follows :—

"In the following pages I have noticed a few exceptional phenomena, as described by the poets, to whose fidelity to nature I can testify from observation.

"One of the poetical reminiscences to which I shall refer is associated with the Faulhorn, a mountain commanding a magnificent view of the Bernese-Oberland range, and which I ascended many years ago. Soon after reaching the summit, I witnessed a magnificent sunset, unaccompanied by any indication of an impending storm ; subsequently, however, there was a heavy snow-fall, together with thunder and lightning ; and on looking forth from my bedroom window, a spectacle presented itself, which for grandeur and sublimity, could hardly be surpassed. The night was dark, but

with every lightning flash the giants of the Bernese-Oberland stood out in bold relief :— the Engle-horn, the Wetter-horn, the Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau—crowned by the Finster-arr-Horn, which, though viewless from the valley, was seen from the summit of the Faulhorn, towering majestically in the background, above his brother Colossi. This vision was repeated with every flash of lightning, and after each flash I could have exclaimed with Byron :—

"'Most glorious night !
Thou wert not made for slumber ; let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee !
. . . . .
And now again 'tis black : and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.'
Childe Harold, canto iii., st. xciii.

It was a scene never to be forgotten, and one which aptly preluded that which met my gaze on the following morning.

"What first arrested the eye was the vast expanse of snow, mantling the giant forms

of that mighty range and stretching in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, the recognised type of purity, alike in the material and spiritual world. Thus Byron, when speaking of 'the high, the mountain majesty of worth' compares it to

> "'Yonder Alpine snow,
> Imperishably pure, beyond all else below.'
> *Childe Harold*, canto iii., st. lxvii.

"My next thought, on gazing around me was, what a vast amount of snow must have fallen during the night, to have filled the entire valley: the impression was, however, only momentary, as I perceived immediately that we were surrounded, not by snow, but by snow-white mist.

"The scene might have suggested the following lines of Shelley in his 'Prometheus Unbound' (act ii. scene iii.):—

> "'Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
> . . . Behold it rolling on
> Under the curdling winds, and islanding
> The peak whereon we stand —
> . . . . .

'And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
From icy spires of sunlike radiance fling
The dawn.'

These words bear witness, not only to the poet's fidelity to Nature, but also to his exquisite fidelity of expression. I refer especially to the word 'islanding'; no other word could have so accurately described our insular position, standing on the summit of the Faulhorn, encircled, as we were, by a sea of rolling mist. Most grateful do I feel for such visions as met my gaze from the summit of the Faulhorn: appealing as they do to feelings implanted within us by the Author of our being, they appear to me to be infinitely precious, as manifestations of His infinite love.

"There are some lines in 'Manfred' which, to those unacquainted with the phenomenon to which they refer, must, I imagine, appear inexplicable. They occur in the second scene of the first act. The scene is the Jungfrau; the time daybreak; Manfred appears alone, standing on the

extreme edge of some lofty cliffs, looking down into the valley. While he soliloquises, a chamois hunter enters from below.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

"'The mists begin to rise from up the valley ;
I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance
To lose at once his way and life together.'

"Manfred, without perceiving him, continues his soliloquy as follows :—

"'The mists boil up around the glaciers ; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell.'

"No one unacquainted with Alpine scenery could imagine that, on a quiet morning at daybreak, the mists could be depicted truthfully as boiling up among the glaciers, and would probably interpret the words as intended by the poet to indicate the diseased state of Manfred's imagination ; having, however, witnessed a similar phenomenon, I can bear witness to the truthfulness of the poet's words.

"On one occasion we were driving up

a gorge in Switzerland ; the road, on the right-hand side, lay round the side of the mountain, while on the left lay a deep valley, filled with mist. The weather was fine, nevertheless the mist was apparently boiling, as though there was a cauldron beneath it ; I gazed upon it with astonishment, and have no idea as to the cause of the phenomenon. I feel sure, however, that Bryon had gazed upon a similar scene, and that in attributing these words to Manfred he was simply reproducing his own experience.

"There are two passages in Milton's Morning Hymn, in the fifth book of 'Paradise Lost,' the charm of which has to my mind been immeasurably heightened since witnessing the phenomena which the poet has therein portrayed with perfect fidelity to Nature, and in language of exquisite beauty.

"During one of our sojourns in Venice, we occupied a room with a large balcony, extending over the porch of the hotel, and

commanding an extensive view over the Grand Canal, both in front and on either side. The prospects from this balcony were so fascinating that, when not out of doors, I found myself constantly standing there, observing Venetian life and Venetian scenery under all their varied aspects. One morning, happening to be awake before daybreak, I arose, and repairing to my acccustomed place of observation, I saw the Morning Star, hanging like a solitary lamp in the firmament.

"'Deep in the orange light of widening morn,'

and casting a long line of silver light down the whole length of the canal. Since gazing on that glorious vision, I have appreciated, as I had never done before, the wonderful beauty of Milton's invocation :—

"'Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.'

"The circumstances which led me to appreciate the second passage in the same hymn were as follows.

"On one occasion, I was travelling by night from Paris to Strasburg. I fell asleep, and did not awake till sunrise. On looking forth from the window, I perceived that we were travelling through a country watered by a winding river, with poplars on either side. From the river mists were rising, which on attaining to a certain height, met the rays of the rising sun; a phenomenon described by Milton with perfect truth to Nature, in the following beautiful lines :—

"'Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise.'"

. . . . .

In the year 1858 Anna Swanwick was elected one of the first lady members of the Royal Institution, and from that time became a regular attendant at the Friday evening lectures. Before this time no lady had been

privileged to sit in the members' seats, and there were some misgivings in the minds of the learned few as to the desirability of electing *lady members*. She there made the acquaintance of Faraday, Tyndal, Huxley, and other leading scientific men of the day, and took a keen interest in all the new discoveries, more particularly in the development of the Darwinian theory and the controversies to which it gave rise.

Unlike many explorers into the realms of science, these studies did not lead her towards agnosticism and materialism, but on the contrary only served to strengthen her firm faith in an ever-present, over-ruling Spirit, which faith became stronger and clearer as she advanced in life. The following passage found in MSS., though not intended for publication, is given here as showing the intensity of her convictions :—

"The fundamental belief in a personal God, and the consequent stability of the moral law as the expression of the Divine Will, embodied as it has been in every variety

of external form and associated with the greatest variety of intellectual view, has so completely permeated the thought of the civilised world, that those who now proclaim the Gospel of the 'Unknown and Unknowable,' cannot themselves escape its subtle all-pervading influence. Not only has this belief been most probably one of the prime agents in moulding their individual character, but it is inwrought into the very texture of the human life by which they are surrounded, and thus forms an element in their social environment from which they cannot possibly escape. It would, I believe, require a supreme effort of mind to realise the effect on the condition of humanity, were the belief in a personal God to pass away as one of the superstitions of a bygone age! Perhaps the nearest approach to such a conception is the inexpressibly sad and solemn dream recorded by Jean Paul Richter, where a dread voice sounding through the Universe proclaimed, 'There is no God!'—with regard to myself, should I feel compelled

by the force of argument to reject the belief which has hitherto been the very light of my life, I should exclaim with the poet, 'Oh! dark, dark, dark, irrevocably dark, total eclipse, without all hope of day!' . . ."

Such a trial did not come to her, as no amount of argument on the negative side ever shook her faith in the positive assurance she had received in her inmost soul that there is a God who hears and answers prayer. This conviction grew stronger and stronger till it became an absolute reality to her, and she endeavoured with pathetic earnestness to impress upon her fellow-men the truth that had been borne in upon her, that herein lay the essence of religion. Religion, she maintained, consists not in the belief in creeds and dogmas, or in forms of worship, but in the communion of the human soul with the Divine. That there should be any antagonism between Science and Religion seemed to her inconceivable, the one proved the other to her mind—the more the wonders of the physical uni-

verse were unrolled by scientific investigation the more certain she became of the existence of a great Law-giver controlling the Universe, and yet in touch with every human soul that reaches upwards. Such was her experience, and as perchance it may be of use to others, it is here set down, as the outcome of years of thought and earnest speculation.

In a letter to her friend, Rev. W. H. Channing, after speaking of this subject and man's place in nature, she writes :—

"I regard the material Universe as under the reign of law, with which it is man's business to acquaint himself, and into harmony with which he must bring his life, or be crushed beneath its inexorable sway. It appears to me that if the energies of the material world were allowed to be controlled by beings subject to intellectual errors and moral frailities, there could be no established order, and consequently no Science. Yet the astronomer predicts the return of the comet, and the eclipse of the sun and moon, and as far back as we can go in history his pre-

dictions have been verified by fact. Upon our belief in the Uniformity of Natural Law, indeed, all the complicated operations of civilised life are based, and we are thus taught to trust in the love of Him who causes His sun to shine alike on the evil and the good, and with whom there is no change."

. . . . .

To return to her literary career; she used to recall with interest how the publication of her first translations had led to the great work which now followed. If Murray had not published the "Selections," Bohn would not have entrusted her with the translation of "Faust," and it was this work which caused Baron Bunsen, then Prussian Ambassador in London, to seek her acquaintance with a view to proposing a more ambitious flight still. In the preface to the first edition of her Æschylus, published 1865, she writes:—

"On the publication of my translation of 'Faust' and other master works by Goethe,

I was strongly urged by the late Baron Bunsen to undertake the translation of the dramas of Æschylus. I felt honoured by the proposal, and though I was not immediately impelled to act upon the suggestion, his words have dwelt in my mind, and have encouraged me to complete an arduous and very difficult undertaking."

This suggestion coming from such a quarter was in itself a very high compliment, and it was made all the more gratifying by the fact that Professor Blackie's translation of Æschylus had been highly thought of by Bunsen, to whom Blackie dedicated his work.

On consulting her friend Professor Newman, he wrote :—

"Every line of Æschylus is liable to give you the heartache, a conscientious translator so feels the shortcomings, that it is impossible to be elated by success. I heartily wish you through your arduous task."

With many misgivings she decided to attempt the translation of the Trilogy, and

for the next four years this great work occupied her time and thoughts. Only those who lived in daily intercourse with her knew how strenuous the labour was.

In 1865 the Trilogy, with an elaborately thought out preface, was published, and with one accord the press gave it the highest praise.

"The forms adopted were blank verse for the iambics, and rhyme for the lyric metres. This treatment was very deliberately adopted, and was defended both in the preface and elsewhere, but while enlisting the unreserved approval of some critics, it failed to justify itself to others. It was perhaps the one point in which the chorus of appreciation that greeted her work was not unanimous. With the exception of some demur on this matter the reviews had nothing but praise. The Saturday *Reviler*, as it was then called, was astonished to find itself vying in enthusiasm with the rest, and admitting that 'here is fit cause for the advocates of the rights of women to gather together and

chant a pæan in commemoration of their advanced prospects and position.' " [1]

Letters of congratulation poured in from all sides.

Extract from a letter from Rev. W. H. Channing :—

" How blest indeed you are to have lived to finish such a consummate work! To have been the daily friend of the most majestic poet-prophet of the ancient world, through year after year, until his very spirit, thought, and power of expression, have filled you with their inspiring influence, has been an ennobling privilege, in contrast with which literary fame is trifling! " . . .

Letter from Rev. F. D. Maurice :—

" I read aloud the opening scenes of the 'Agamemnon,' and the very trying first chorus which would have seemed to me an almost desperate undertaking for any translator. I greatly admired the energy you throw into it, and was thankful for your help in tracing the links between its different parts."

[1] Rev. P. H. Wicksteed.

Amongst others she was gratified by a letter from Mr. Gladstone, who, on receiving a copy of the work, and seeing on the title-page, "Translation of the Agamemnon, Chœphori, and Eumenides, By A. Swanwick," naturally thought it was the work of a man, and consequently addressed his letter of thanks to *A. Swanwick, Esq.*, through her publishers.

On receipt of this letter she wrote answering some questions he had asked, and explaining who she was.

"Thus commenced," she writes, "a friendship which has been to me a source of heartfelt gratification and which I regard as one of my greatest privileges."

When the authorship of the translation became known, she received invitations from many distinguished men of letters, but she was forced to admit that she had overworked and must have complete rest.

The strain of London life, the calls made upon her energies by philanthropy, family ties, friendship, and public interests, together

with her severe brain work, proved too much for her delicate nervous system. She wearily laid down her pen, feeling that she had done her utmost, and must give up all work for a time. In the spring of the year following the publication of the Trilogy, acting on the advice of her physicians, she retired to a cottage at High Wickham, near Hastings, where she remained nearly four months quite alone, according to her wish, communing with nature, and in the society of her favourite poets.

On hearing that she found herself obliged to abstain from all work, Dr. Martineau wrote in 1866 : "I commend your wisdom, dear friend, in imposing on yourself a law of absolute quiet. Only, besides the external conditions of rest, I do hope you will resolve to secure also the indispensable *inward* apathy and suspension of thought and interest. Think of the idlest young lady you know, of the true lazy type, and prove that your conscience is competent to the task of imitating her, and reproducing, on the highest

moral principles, her total want of conscience ; and I shall admire you more than ever, and you shall come back recovered to claim the homage of your friends for a new perfection."

The sleeplessness from which she suffered to the end of her life became a confirmed habit from this time. When unable to sleep she occupied herself by knitting for her friends, and recalling to mind the poems she had learnt by heart. Amongst others she sent one of her mufflers to Dr. Martineau, from whom she received the following letter :—

"Though it is forbidden to a man to pronounce on the mysteries of the knitting-needle, and he may criticise everything about Penelope except her handiwork, I cannot help saying that your beautiful present is a genuine 'Kunst-work' to my eye, and as the product of your industry during a time of patient waiting for health it will be a precious memorial to my wife and myself of your ever kind and faithful thought of friends."

. . . . .

In the autumn of this year she paid a visit

to the high mountain health resorts in Switzerland, accompanied by her sister and nieces. She returned home stronger in health, but it became clear that if she remained in London and took up her former interests she would be unable to complete the translation of the remaining dramas of Æschylus, which was the desire of her heart. She therefore determined to spend the winter at Bangor, in North Wales, accompanied by her sister Catherine, who was always willing to agree to any plan that was for her good. Here she quietly resumed her work and finished the translation of "The Persians," "Seven Against Thebes," "The Suppliants," and "Prometheus Bound," which were published later.

It was impossible for her brain to remain long inactive; idleness was not rest for her, and the work of translation, carried on without other distractions in the quiet of the country, afforded her pleasurable occupation and interest.

. . . . .

It was in the early part of this year that a

terrible blow fell upon the family in the death of her nephew, Alexander Bruce, the brilliantly gifted son of her beloved sister. After gaining all the honours possible at University College and the University of London, he had entered the profession of surgeon with every prospect of rising to distinction, when he was struck down by typhus fever, caught in the discharge of his hospital duties, and died at the age of twenty-seven. This great grief was shared by all who knew him, and his sorrowing mother had at least the consolation of knowing that he was beloved far and wide, by old and young, by rich and poor, at home and abroad.

. . . . .

WANDERJAHR

In the autumn of the year 1869 Anna Swanwick and her sister Catherine arranged to travel for a year. The energy which she had thrown into all that she undertook was now devoted to making this *Wanderjahr* as

full of interest as possible, and the programme was a very varied one. They first visited the Engadine, where they remained until driven away by intense cold in September, and then drove over the Bernina Pass through magnificent scenery. Extract from letter :—

"The mountains, covered with the purest snow, rise in picturesque variety, crowned by the lofty summit of the Bernina, the snow contrasting strikingly with the magnificent pine trees, which here have somewhat the character of the cedar. . . . The road on the Italian side of the Pass descended in a succession of zigzags, and looked like a huge serpent gliding down the mountain-side. I have noticed that each Pass has some peculiar feature, and certainly the Bernina is remarkable for the wild grandeur of its rocks, which are wonderfully picturesque."

The first resting-place was at Le Presa, a charming place 3,000 feet above sea-level, where the air was delightfully fresh and invigorating.

Continuing their journey, a beautiful drive

over the Stelvio Pass brought them to Meran, which is thus described :—

"We had a splendid drive over the Stelvio Pass, which is the highest in Europe, the summit being upwards of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. The scenery during the ascent is wild and desolate ; on gaining the summit, however, the view of the Ortler Spitz and of the neighbouring glaciers is magnificent, and amply repays the trouble of the ascent. . . . As we approached Meran the road was enlivened by groups of peasants, driving before them the pretty cows of the country. Their steeple-shaped hats adorned with a feather or flower, their coloured waistcoats, white sleeves, ornamented braces, and embroidered girdles fastened by large metal buckles, together with their bright-coloured jackets hanging over one shoulder, called up before my mental vision various pictures by Carl Haag, and enabled me to realise that we were actually in the Tyrol.

"In travelling through the Tyrol we constantly came across little roadside chapels and

crosses, all bearing witness to the religious character of the Tyrolese. I had an interesting example of this at Botzen, where we stayed for a night *en route* for Innsbruck. On going out early in the morning I entered one of the principal churches, which I found crowded with peasants, both men and women, who, before entering on their daily toil, had come here to pray, carrying their implements with them. This, I learnt, was their usual custom, and I was much touched by the sight of their devotion."

Crossing the Brenner Pass they reached Innsbruck just as the sun was setting.

Another extract from her letter :—

"The situation of the town is magnificent, being surrounded by lofty peaks and precipices, while through its streets flows the broad river Inn. Here we stayed a few days, and were much interested in visiting the museum, in which are numerous relics of the Tyrolese patriots, and here occurred the incident which has led me to dwell upon the natural features of the Tyrol. The custodian

on showing us over the museum, not having previously manifested any enthusiasm, suddenly, to my extreme surprise, repeated with a foreign accent the following verse from Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life':—

"'In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.'

Then, turning to me, he said, 'I should like to know your views of translation. In translating the works of a foreign poet, ought you thoroughly to grasp his meaning and then endeavour to reproduce it in your own language, or ought you to adhere as closely as possible to the language of the original?' 'In my judgment,' I replied, 'the translator ought to do both. He must, of course, thoroughly realise the meaning of the original. At the same time the poet's words are generally so admirably chosen that the translator cannot do better than endeavour to find their equivalents in his own language. But,' I continued, 'as poetry ought always to be

beautiful, the charm of the original must never be sacrificed to the endeavour to be literal.' After a little further talk upon the subject, I added, 'From your asking me the above question, I feel sure that you are yourself a translator.' To which he made answer, 'Longfellow has been here, and we are all much in love with him, and I am endeavouring to translate his poems. I should much like to know,' he continued, 'what you think of my translations.' I expressed my regret that, as it was then late, and I had arranged to leave Innsbruck early the next morning, I should not have time to gratify him. That evening, however, at the hotel, I received a packet containing a few of his translations, with which I could honestly say that I was much pleased."

After a few days' rest in this interesting town they continued their journey to Rosenheim and Saltzburg, and on to Vienna, Gratz, and Trieste. During the latter part of the journey the air was darkened by a fall of snow, which added to the romantic beauty of the scenery.

The weather continued unsettled; thunder and lightning, storm blasts and whirling snow obliged them to give up their plan of visiting Venice, and after a short stay at Trieste they hastened on to Bologna, Florence, and Rome.

This was a very cold season. On their arrival in Rome she wrote:—

"The weather continues intensely cold; the long icicles hanging from the fountains look like beautiful stalactites, and we hear bitter complaints from people who have come to Italy in search of a warm climate."

Extract from letter, January, 1870:—

"The sun being warm and pleasant, we determined to visit the Coliseum. Familiar as I was with the aspect of this venerable ruin from photos and engravings, I was not prepared for the impression of majestic grandeur produced upon the mind by its actual contemplation. After traversing the arena I climbed to the summit, the view from which is very wonderful and impressive. One feels that such a colossal edifice could only have been conceived by a mighty people, and that when first reared it must have seemed calcu-

lated to bid defiance to Time itself; and when from that height I contemplated the vast area, and realised the bloodthirsty multitudes gazing with eager excitement upon the deadly struggles in the arena, I felt that the civilisation, however outwardly magnificent, which could tolerate such hideous cruelty must have been rotten at the core, and consequently, sooner or later, doomed to destruction. The wreck of Babylon itself seems hardly more complete than that of Ancient Rome! . . .

From another letter—

"The chief object of interest in this church [1] is the Moses of Michael Angelo, with which, through photos and casts, we are all familiar. No reproduction can, however, convey the effect of the original, which seems actually to quiver with emotion, which is only controlled by the almost superhuman will by which it is accompanied. A high authority speaks of this figure as frowning with the terrific eyebrows of Olympian Jove. I confess the great lawgiver interested me rather as an intensely sensitive human being,

[1] S. Pietro di Vincoli.

impressed almost painfully with the awful weight of his responsibility, yet elevated to majestic grandeur by the consciousness of his divine mission. It is the union of these two sentiments which, in my judgment, renders the Moses of Michael Angelo one of the most wonderful creations of genius. . . .

"We have just returned from visiting another most interesting and beautiful church —St. Maria degli Angeli—which occupies the great hall of the Thermæ of Diocletian, which was converted to its present use by Michael Angelo.

"Among the other works of art we were particularly struck with a statue of St. Bruno, of which Clement XIV. is reported to have said, 'It would speak, if the rules of his order did not prescribe silence.' Among the paintings the most interesting is the St. Sebastian, by Domenichino, a truly magnificent picture, 22 feet in height. The countenance of the martyr, who has just been bound to the stem of a tree, expresses resignation and trust. Below, on one side, a soldier is preparing his arrows for the execu-

tion, and on the other a group of Christians assembled to sympathise with the martyr are being driven away by a mounted soldier with his uplifted truncheon. Grand, however, as is this picture, it is surpassed by the Communion of St. Jerome, by the same artist in the Vatican—a truly marvellous creation, and a worthy companion to the Transfiguration, the last and greatest work of Raphael. But I should weary you were I to dwell at length upon even the most notable of the art treasures by which we are surrounded. . . ."

Extract from a letter to Dr. Martineau :—

"After visiting the Coliseum, with its terrible memories of Christian martyrdom, Vivia Perpetua tossed by an infuriated bull, and others cast to the lions in the arena, it was deeply interesting to enter the Catacombs, and to observe the peaceful and even joyous air which pervaded these gloomy regions. Jesus was most frequently represented as the Good Shepherd; ornaments were for the most part birds and flowers with symbols of the resurrection, and scenes from

the Old Testament regarded as typical of that event. All seemed the work of those who recognised with heartfelt joy that in exchanging paganism for Christianity they had passed from death into life, and I never before so vividly realised the new element which Christianity had introduced into the world."

After leaving Rome, Naples was visited, and then the two sisters turned their steps towards home. The outbreak of the Franco-German war in the summer of the year 1870 obliged them to alter their route, as it was not considered safe for two ladies travelling alone to cross the German frontier nor to travel through France. They therefore visited the Italian lakes and went for a second time to the Engadine.

On reaching the Engadine they found congenial society, and as the weather was pleasant they remained for some weeks waiting for the war to be over. At length, in the late autumn of the year 1870, they returned home, and were eagerly welcomed by family and friends who were watching for them.

CHAPTER III

LITERARY WORK AND SOCIAL INTERCOURSE

Soon after her return from abroad Anna Swanwick revised her translation of the Trilogy, and completed that of the remaining dramas of Æschylus, and in 1873 all the dramas were published, illustrated by Flaxman's drawings. The revised edition appeared in a smaller volume in the course of the year, and this reached a fourth edition in 1884, and was the one she wished to be recognised as her completed work.

Amongst the letters of congratulation which she received we take the following extracts :—

Professor Paley wrote :—

"Your truly magnificent volume has just reached me, and I need not assure you how much I shall value it. Of the merits of the translation, its ease, naturalness, and fidelity, you are aware that I already had a high opinion, and the Flaxman designs I have admired ever since I began to admire art at all."

Robert Browning wrote :—

"Yours has been a wonderful undertaking, and, from the few glances I could manage to indulge myself with, a decided success."

From Professor H. Morley :—

"There is no other translation of Æschylus so close to the original, and your sound faith in your author enables you to reproduce his simple force of thought as none of those translators do who smooth him to accordance with their own notions of diction. You bring grace and strength of your own to your work, but your charm is that you use your power only to express in its own character the power of your author."

Professor F. W. Newman wrote thus :—

"I have not quite finished the study of

your new version. I will write a running commentary on it. Hitherto I think you succeed better in the lyric parts than in the dialogue. The latter, I think, I could sometimes have done better ; the lyric pieces I feel I could not have done *at all !* "

The following appreciation of the translation is kindly contributed by Sir Richard Jebb :—

" To her translation of Æschylus, a truly arduous task, Miss A. Swanwick brought many gifts : a genuine sympathy with the original ; much poetic feeling ; disciplined command of expression ; and fine literary tact. The rendering of Æschylus into English verse is an undertaking in which success must necessarily be a relative term. Of Miss Swanwick's version it may be said that it maintains a creditable level of fidelity, not only to the letter of the text which she followed, but to the poet's spirit. The merit of the work as a whole is well sustained, some passages are excellent ; and there are many which attain to a high

degree of literary grace. It is a work of quiet distinction and of sterling value, such as could have been accomplished only by one who united a literary faculty of no common kind with the instinct and the loyal patience of a scholar. These are qualities which entitle it to live."

The translation has now achieved an honourable position in the Universities.

On being asked to give his opinion Dr. Butler wrote the following :—

"Trinity Lodge, Cambridge,
"*November*, 1902.

"It may be well to say, at the outset of these remarks on Miss Swanwick's translation of Æschylus, that they will be of a very informal kind, having no pretension to be a regular criticism. I do not propose to compare her work with other translations, or to notice her renderings of difficult passages, or her adoption of particular readings.

"It was for the general reader that she laboured rather than for professional scholars.

She was anxious that the noble dramas of the age of Pericles should become, in their thoughts if not in their language, familiar to readers of all classes in England. She was profoundly impressed with their high ethical teaching as well as with their exquisite literary charm. Most of the teaching and much of the charm could, she was convinced, be brought home to 'minds truly initiated and rightly taught,' even though they knew nothing of the Greek language.

"Much, of course, must be lost in a translation, but it was far more important to recognise the gain than to repeat for the hundredth time the unfortunate truism of the loss. She felt, I think, that our English tongue, if employed as a vehicle of translation, could never, so to speak, be more at home than in reproducing a dramatic poem with its two main elements of actors and chorus. The language, which was acknowledged to have triumphed over the difficulties of every part of the Old Testament and every part of the New, could never be pronounced unequal

to the task of giving the words of Greek actors in the iambic metre of Shakespeare, or the words of a Greek chorus in the varied metres of Dryden and Gray, of Wordsworth and Tennyson. With these convictions and these aims, and having as she tells us in her preface to the first volume, been 'strongly urged' to the task 'by the late Baron Bunsen,' she addressed herself to the very arduous enterprise of translating the most sublime, and probably the most difficult of the three great Greek tragedians. She began with the three plays constituting the Oresteian trilogy; these were published in 1865. In 1872, seven years after, she completed her work by publishing her version of the other four plays, the 'Persians,' 'The Seven against Thebes,' the 'Prometheus Bound,' and the 'Suppliants.'

"I have lately had the opportunity of reading consecutively, within a few days, the whole of these translations, and I can truly say that my enjoyment has been great, and my estimate of their value very high. The

level of merit is well sustained. It is seldom indeed that you discern signs of languor or impatience. Her treatment of the iambic metre and of the very varied lyrical metres which she adopts seems to me almost always attractive, if not often masterly. Read by a man or woman who knew Shakespeare and Milton and our best lyrical poets, but were not acquainted with Greek, Miss Swanwick's verse must, I cannot doubt, give lively pleasure, not without a feeling of surprise that the treasures of ancient genius had so long been unexplored by average English students.

"Perhaps I ought to add that, in my judgment, the least satisfactory part of her work is her treatment of the long trochaic metre, but there is very little of this—not much more than a hundred lines out of some eight thousand—so that any detailed criticism would be disproportionate. It is no fair sample of the large amount of excellent work of which it forms a quite inconsiderable part. The work will be judged as it ought to be, as a whole ; but its fame will

doubtless largely depend on the success with which it is thought to have dealt with certain picked passages. For example, any reader of the 'Agamemnon' will at once turn to the first Long Chorus and to the glorious three hundred lines of the Cassandra episode. If these parts of the work please him, he will have a kindly feeling towards the whole. Similarly, the Choric laments of Orestes and the Chorus will probably be turned to as specimens of the 'Chœphori,' and the two great Choruses of the Furies as specimens of the 'Eumenides.'

"The last hundred lines of the 'Prometheus,' as the storm falls on the defiant and dauntless martyr, will test the powers of the translator to the fullest. I venture to think that those who take Miss Swanwick for their guide in these especial passages will not be disappointed. They will, I cannot doubt, desire to read not less, but more. If they have not known Æschylus before, they will recognise, through the English veil, a spiritual genius of the loftiest stature. They will

wonder that they have not earlier felt the presence of so great a mind. They will speak of him to their children and their friends. So he will be gradually known, at least 'in part'—for I will not say 'through a glass darkly'—by those to whom the original Greek fountain has been and must remain sealed. This is the success which Miss Swanwick would have coveted. It is, I cannot but believe, deserved at least, if not yet fully attained.

"It remains to say a very few words of the introductions to the two volumes as wholes and to the several plays. They do not pretend to be original. On the contrary they avow, with perfect candour, the sources, German and other, from which they are drawn. At the same time they are admirably written, and show on every page the true scholar, longing to catch and to pass on to others the innermost life of the ancient world. Miss Swanwick was convinced, or rather felt in every fibre of her being, that the poetry of a people was the real clue to its religion, to its ideals, to

its working principles and maxims, and she was never wearied of getting, so far as possible, to the historical root of this poetry. This study she pursued not so much in the spirit of an antiquary as in that of a highly strung and deeply religious woman, to whom every authentic revelation of the human heart was not precious only, but sacred. To this all her work bears eloquent and touching witness."

. . . . .

Having now completed the translation of Æschylus, and being unwilling to leave any of her work imperfect, she turned her attention to the first part of "Faust," and determined to revise the translation of certain passages which she felt to be below the standard of her ideal. At the same time, having been asked by her publishers (Bell and Daldy), to undertake the translation of the second part, she set to work on that most thankless and difficult task. To quote the words of her friend, Mr. Wicksteed, "She confessed to finding the second part of 'Faust' relatively uninteresting, but her general powers, and

especially her command of metrical form, had so matured in the nearly thirty years since the appearance of her earlier work, that her translation of the second part of 'Faust' may be safely regarded as the more brilliant performance, and even gives the feeling of greater inspiration."

In 1879 the revised first part, together with the second part, were published in one volume, and in 1893 yet another edition appeared with Retzsch's illustrations.

Professor Dowden writes (1901) :—

"The fidelity of the translation I think most admirable. In meditative and reflective passages very little is lost, in passages which tend to the lyrical, or where, without being lyrical, Goethe shows his power of wing inevitably, the loss is somewhat greater. In 'Faust' I think there is more that cannot be perfectly rendered than in some other of Goethe's plays, such as 'Tasso' and 'Iphigenia.'

A letter from her friend, Sir Theodore Martin, says :—

"Accept my best thanks for your 'Faust.'

I have been rapidly through the second part, and congratulate you on the way you have accomplished your most difficult task. I may speak, for I know by 'hard adventure' how difficult it is! But its purely artistic qualities must always confine the appreciation of it to a comparatively narrow circle."

After a spell of hard work nothing gave her more pleasure than an interchange of thoughts with one or other of her large circle of friends and acquaintances. She was eager to learn the note of progress in politics, science, religion, and literature, in the Old World and the New, to listen to an account of any new theory or discovery (for she was a good listener as well as a good talker), and to sympathise with the interests of all with whom she came in contact.

She spoke of conversation as a fine art, and quoted Mrs. Jameson, who compared it "to a lyre with seven strings, to play upon which with pleasure and profit requires a cultivated and well-stored mind." She never allowed conversation to descend to triviali-

ties ; yet it was never dull or heavy in her presence, but sparkling and bright, enriched and enlivened by apt quotations, anecdotes, and wit.

As chord after chord was struck, recollections rushed into her mind, and she would sometimes rise from her chair when telling a story, or relating some experience, to emphasise by gesture the points which she wished to make her hearers realise. She had a wonderfully accurate memory, and although the incidents she narrated might have happened years before, the facts were never altered in the telling nor exaggerated to produce effect.

It is impossible in these pages to enumerate the long list of her acquaintance, but a few names will serve to show how wide were her interests and how varied her culture. She was always keen to learn from Professor Adams, of Cambridge, the latest news of the distant planets, to discuss with Professor Max Müller the science of religion, with Dr. Martineau the newest lights on Biblical

criticism, with F. W. Newman the progress of the nations, with James Russell Lowell the literature of America. He wrote, after speaking of his departure from England, "I assure you that I shall treasure the memory of my intercourse with you as one of my enduring possessions which I wish should endure."

Glimpses of the interesting conversations carried on at Mr. Gladstone's breakfasts, and on other occasions, are obtained from letters to friends, and the following recollections written down by herself in later life.

On her return from abroad she received a cordial assurance from Mr. Gladstone that "her presence at his Thursday breakfasts, whenever she found it convenient, would be very agreeable to him." She therefore not infrequently availed herself of his hospitality. Although she did not sympathise with Mr. Gladstone's views on some important points, she never wavered in her profound belief in his uprightness of character, and noble, unselfish aims, and any adverse remark made

in her presence received her sternest reprimand.

She wrote thus :—

"On one occasion I breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone, soon after the publication of John Morley's 'Life of Richard Cobden,' of which Mr. Gladstone spoke appreciatively, while at the same time giving expression to the opinion that, in delineating the character of his hero, the biographer had not done justice to the *religious* element, with which he had evidently no sympathy.

"Judging from his own experience, the amazing energy displayed by Mr. Cobden during the memorable anti-corn-law struggle, would appear to Mr. Gladstone to be impossible, unless based upon the belief in an unseen and righteous Power, of whom he felt himself to be the Heaven-appointed instrument. Mr. Morley, however, is evidently anxious to refute such a notion, and writes as follows: 'He' (Mr. Cobden) 'was neither oppressed nor elevated by the mysteries, the aspirations, the remorse, the

hope, that constitute religion. So far as we have the means of knowing, he was not one of those who live much in the Unseen. But for moral goodness, in whatever association he came upon it, he has a reverence that comes from his heart of hearts.'

"Mr. Morley's rejection of religion leaves unexplained the fact that the existence of a Power beyond humanity has been recognised in every age and every clime. That Mr. Cobden recognised that Power, and experienced the religious emotions consequent upon that recognition, appears from passages in his Life, which tend to refute Mr. Morley's judgment as to his negative attitude towards religion, and to confirm Mr. Gladstone's opinion as expressed above."

In a letter dated 1884 she wrote :—

"I had yesterday the honour, for so I esteem it, of welcoming Mr. Gladstone to dinner at my house. He looked well, and was in remarkably good spirits, and his conversation, I need not say, was delightful."

Extract from a letter dated 1886 —

"At the breakfast in Downing Street I was the only lady present with the exception of Mrs. Gladstone, and had the place of honour at Mr. Gladstone's right hand. I feel it a privilege to have seen and heard him at this interesting crisis. The conversation turned almost entirely upon Irish affairs, and in illustration of the abominations which had accompanied the establishment of the 'Union,' Mr. Gladstone alluded to a volume of Goldwin Smith, entitled 'Three English, Statesmen—Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt,' which had lately appeared. After agreeing with the author's high estimate of Pym, he spoke of Cromwell as the most wonderful man of action whom England has produced—he could not, however, approve of his methods of carrying on the government of the country; he then came to Pitt, who was, he affirmed, two different men before and after 1793. Up to that date he had been the disciple of Turgot, and other advocates of constitutional government, after that date he became the apostle of a narrow and

tyrannical policy; he must, he said, read a few passages in illustration of the atrocities committed in Ireland with the sanction of the English Government. As he read his voice faltered, and it was only by a strong effort that he controlled his feelings so as to conclude the perusal of the narrative. It would, in my judgment, have been impossible for any one to have listened to him without recognising the intensity of his abhorrence of political wrong-doing, and his deep sympathy with the oppressed."

On another occasion she wrote :—

"Seating himself beside me, Mr. Gladstone proceeded, after a few preliminary remarks, to inquire whom, in the wide range of literature, I regarded as the greatest poets. I replied that, in my judgment, there were four poets of transcendent genius, Homer, Æschylus, Dante, and Shakespeare. Then, turning the conversation to Dante, he inquired which of the three parts of the 'Divina Commedia,' the 'Inferno,' the 'Purgatorio,' or the 'Paradiso,' I regarded as the

highest effort of genius? I replied without hesitation, 'The Paradiso'; upon which he remarked that he always judged by the answer to that question whether he was speaking to a true appreciator of Dante or not. He said that he regarded the reading of Dante not merely as a pleasure, but as a vigorous discipline of the heart, the intellect, the whole man. 'He who labours for Dante,' he added, 'labours to serve Italy, Christianity, and the world.'"

We are indebted to the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed for the following interesting recollections:—

"Miss Anna Swanwick often spoke of Dante's 'Paradiso' as the book that had changed her conception of life more than any other, and she could probably rejoice in equal familiarity with all of the supreme master-minds 'who give us nobler joys and nobler cares.' She once reported a conversation she had had with Mr. Gladstone, in which they both agreed that all persons who had risen to a certain mental level must be

at one as to the poems which occupy the absolutely first rank. Characteristic differences come in when we compare the poems which we rank just short of the highest. If this be so, there should certainly be some significance in Miss Swanwick's intense and enduring delight in Milton's 'Comus.' I once had the privilege of listening to a conversation between her and Professor Newman, which ranged over many topics, till that of 'Comus' was struck. Professor Newman pointed out what he thought was a drawback to the moral efficacy of the poem. Miss Swanwick's eyes flashed, and she assumed the air of one defending the impeached honour of a dear friend. Passage after passage from 'Comus' rushed to her lips, and a defiant challenge was thrown in from time to time, till her hearers were fairly carried away in the sweep and torrent of her vindication."

We quote the following letter from Mrs. Rundle Charles as showing Mr. Gladstone's affectionate regard for her :—

"Combe Edge, Hampstead Heath.

"Dear Miss Swanwick,—I hope I may be able to have the pleasure of coming to join your May 27th gathering; all gatherings are *really* 'friendly' in your home and presence, I always feel. And I have been wishing much to see you again, especially to give you an especial message from Mr. Gladstone.

"I met him at his son's last Saturday week, and had the great interest of hearing him speak with such enthusiasm and grasp of Homer and Æschylus, Homer's Olympians and Prometheus, and he said to me how well a friend of his had translated Æschylus. I said, 'Miss Swanwick?' and then we came from the old Greeks to *you*, and he spoke with such cordiality and interest of you, and added so simply he was so 'busy' (I should think he *is!*) he could not see his friends as he would, and begged me when I saw you again to remember him most kindly to you, which I promised joyfully to do.

"Yours affectionately,

"E. Rundle Charles."

She was frequently a guest at Lord and Lady Tennyson's.

"One evening, on arriving at Eaton Square, on the occasion of an evening party given by Mr. and Mrs. (subsequently Lord and Lady) Tennyson, I was met at the top of the stairs by Mr. Hallam Tennyson, who informed me that Mr. Gladstone was present, and that he was obliged to leave early, but that, before his departure, he would like to see me. I was accordingly led into the back drawing-room by Mr. Hallam Tennyson, and seated there beside Mr. Gladstone. After some preliminary conversation, he continued, 'Since I last saw you, I have read a book which has lifted me up.' While speaking, he raised his hands, thus imparting additional emphasis to his words. The book to which he referred was 'The Life of Sister Dora.'

"Having read the 'Life of Sister Dora,' I was able to sympathise with Mr. Gladstone's high appreciation of her character and of her wonderful career. Well do I remember the words with which, before bidding me fare-

well, he brought our conversation to a close. 'I rejoice,' he said, alluding to Sister Dora, 'that England can produce so fine a breed of women.'"

On this occasion, having expressed a desire to hear Tennyson read one of his poems, particularly "Maud," which offered, in her opinion, more scope for dramatic reading than any other, he gratified her wish by sending her an invitation to be present at a reading of "Maud" on a certain evening at his house.

She thus describes her visit :—

"I accordingly went to Eaton Square, and found a small party, including Lady F. Cavendish and Professor Tyndal, already assembled. Ere long we were joined by the poet, who, after the customary greetings, established himself on the sofa, with the light falling on his book, and began the reading of 'Maud,' which has been truly described as a drama of the soul, set in a landscape glorified by love. I consider it a privilege to have heard it read by the author, whose

poetic passion manifested itself, by the intensity with which he realised the various scenes, making his listeners feel as if they themselves had been present. Occasionally he made remarks upon the poem, commenting upon the lines which he particularly admired, as if thinking aloud."

Again she wrote :—

"Subsequently, my sister having taken a country house for the autumn in the neighbourhood of Haslemere, my acquaintance with the Tennysons was resumed. On the occasion of my first visit to Aldworth, he took me into his study, which commanded a magnificent prospect. While admiring the varied landscape, the poet's thoughts seemed naturally to assume a religious attitude. I was deeply interested, on reading his biography, to find how, almost habitually, the great spiritual realities of the unseen world were present to his mind. Thus, in speaking of 'The Holy Grail,' he says, 'I have expressed there my strong conviction of the reality of the Unseen.' These three lines in

Arthur's speech are spiritually the central lines of the Idylls—

> "'In moments when he feels he cannot die,
> And knows himself no vision to himself,
> Nor the High God a vision, . . .'

"On another occasion he thus expresses himself: 'Yes, it is true that there are moments when the flesh is nothing to me; . . . when God and the spiritual are the only real and true; . . . you never, never can convince me that the "I" is not an eternal reality, and that the spiritual is not the true and real part of me.'

"I feel truly thankful that on my first visit to his study he should, in accordance with his ordinary mood, have given expression to his belief in the Unseen, thus drawing from me my conviction that by the marvellous beauty of the Universe, as seen in the infinitely great and the infinitely little, our Heavenly Father is ever drawing us nearer to Himself: with this sentiment he cordially agreed, and I felt thenceforth that in religious matters we

had the fullest sympathy, without reference to dogmas or to creeds."

One of Anna Swanwick's most noteworthy and marked characteristics was the power she possessed of drawing out from those with whom she was brought in contact their deeper and more private feelings.

This is incidentally shown in the following reminiscence of Robert Browning, who was often a guest at her well-known dinner-parties.

Of Mr. Browning she wrote thus :—

"The remark was once made in my hearing, by a profound student and ardent admirer of Browning's poems, that, frequently as he had been in Mr. Browning's company, he had never met the poet. 'Tennyson,' he said, 'hides himself behind his laurels, Browning behind the man of the world.' My experience, I am happy to say, has been more fortunate; I also have had the privilege not unfrequently of enjoying Mr. Browning's society, and I can truly say that, while conversing with him, I have seldom heard

him speak without feeling that I was listening to the poet. On more than one occasion he has spoken to me of his wife. One evening, while sitting beside me at a dinner-party, after delighting the guests with his inimitable stories, he turned to me quietly and said, 'I wish you had known her—it was something to have lived with such a woman for sixteen years, and I can truly say that I appreciated the privilege.' "

She had the warmest admiration for some of Browning's poems, and writes thus of "Luria" :—

"One of the highest functions of genius is the creation of ideals, that is, of characters, not transcending human nature, but revealing the height to which humanity may attain. Such an ideal Browning has created in the character of 'Luria.' On one occasion I asked the poet whether he had any historical basis for the creation of his hero. 'None whatever,' he replied; 'it is a pure invention.' I then ventured to remark that among his dramatic works it was my favourite. 'I

am glad to hear it,' he said, 'for it is mine also.' "

Further recollections :—

"Mr. Browning was intimately acquainted with Salvini, whose genius as an actor he appreciated most highly ; Salvini, he informed me, would never attempt the impersonations of the characters of Shakespeare till after severe and long-protracted study, as, in his judgment, every word required thoughtful consideration in order to give it its proper intonation. All who, like myself, have witnessed Salvini's performance of Hamlet, Othello, and King Lear, will attest the marvellous success resulting from this conscientious study. There was, however, one piece performed by Salvini, not Shakesperian, which, in Mr. Browning's opinion, transcended everything he had witnessed on the stage ; this, he said, having seen every actor and actress who, within his memory, had achieved notoriety. The drama in which it occurred was a French or Italian adaptation of the story of Œdipus, in one scene of which

the aged king, being led by Antigone, his daughter and guide, appears upon the stage, together with his two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, each of whom desires to obtain possession of his father's person, it having been emphatically declared that a blessing would rest upon the region in which Œdipus expired. Suddenly Œdipus feels a hand laid upon his shoulder, and, being blind, he imagines it to be the hand of one of his sons; nothing, Mr. Browning stated, could exceed the look of fiery hate depicted upon his countenance; in a moment, however, he perceives it to be the hand of Antigone, and the sudden transition from hate to ineffable tenderness was truly marvellous, transcending what he had believed to be possible in regard to complete mastery over expression.

"Mr. Browning was informed by Salvini that he intended to give up the stage as soon as he felt the slightest diminution of power. He was accordingly studying sculpture, that he might have an interesting

employment to which to devote his energies when he felt it necessary to abandon his career as an actor."

In 1881 Anna Swanwick was elected Vice-president of the Browning Society, which had been recently inaugurated. She then arranged for a series of Browning readings in her drawing-room, thinking it would be useful, and a great pleasure to many, to hear the poems read by Miss Drewry and elucidated by a discussion afterwards. On being asked to contribute a paper, the Rev. W. H. Channing gave one on "Paracelsus," after an excellent rendering by Miss Drewry. When thanking Mr. Channing for his paper on "Paracelsus" she wrote :—

"I was particularly pleased that you called attention to what appears to me to be the most important truth embodied in 'Paracelsus,' namely, the inevitable deterioration of the mind which surrenders itself to what the poet admirably characterises as the 'wolfish' pursuit of knowledge, leaving the nobler faculties of the will to famish

for want of exercise. The tendency of such a career to awaken the lower impulses of our nature, and to plunge its virtue into sensuality, is wonderfully brought out in the poem, and is a lesson particularly needed at the present time."

She thus speaks of Lord Shaftesbury :—

"On one occasion I was introduced to Lord Shaftesbury, of whom it has been truly said that his life of eighty-four years was consecrated from boyhood till death to the service of humanity. In the course of conversation he informed me that, as one means of doing good, he lent money to flower-girls, to enable them to purchase their stock-in-trade, and to procure the necessaries of life till they were able to maintain themselves. The money thus lent, he assured me, was always repaid. He spoke of the joy with which one girl brought back the last shilling of the money he had lent her, and of the pride she felt at being free from debt. It is, however, with the reform of the Factory Laws and the Ten Hours' Bill that his name

is inseparably associated, and in connection with this subject I may mention the following incident: At the conclusion of a meeting in the East End of London presided over by Lord Shaftesbury many years later, at which I was present, a gentleman rose and expressed a strong desire to speak. On permission being granted, he stated that when the Ten Hours' Bill passed he was a factory boy, and that he was so overtired with long hours of work that he had no time for improving himself. The passing of the Bill had enabled him to attend a night-school, and subsequently to continue his studies, by which means he had obtained an honourable position, and he added that he had long wished to thank his Lordship for the part he had taken in passing the Bill. This was one of the numberless instances that might be mentioned of the benefits conferred on humanity by Lord Shaftesbury."

Once, while on a visit to the Dean of Wells and Mrs. Plumptre, she was wandering with the Dean under the stately trees which

surrounded Glastonbury Abbey, and she relates :—

"It occurred to me to ask him the following question : 'Suppose that, by the wave of an enchanter's wand, you could either restore to their pristine beauty and glory not only the ruined abbeys but also the temples of past ages, including Karnack and the Parthenon, or recover all the lost books, which would you choose ?'

"Without a moment's hesitation he replied, 'Certainly the lost books !' He then went on to speak of the valuable additions to our knowledge in various directions which would follow the recovery of the literary treasures, the loss of which we so deeply deplore.

"With regard to myself, among the lost books there are none the recovery of which I long for more than the sixty-eight lost dramas of Æschylus, especially the first and concluding numbers of the Promethean Trilogy."

"On another occasion, at an evening party, I met the late Lord Carnarvon, to whom, at

his request, I was introduced; while leading me to the sofa he said, 'We have a common friend.' I was greatly puzzled to know who this common friend could be; he did not, however, speak again till he had seated me beside him on the sofa, when he pronounced the name Æschylus; the mystery was thus solved; our common friend was the old Athenian bard, whose 'Agamemnon' Lord Carnarvon had translated. He then spoke of Sophocles and Euripides, whom he characterised as great poets, though, in his opinion, inferior to Æschylus. With this judgment I cordially agreed, having recognised in Æschylus a grandeur of conception combined with a depth of spiritual insight which reminded me of the old Hebrew prophets.

"The superiority of Æschylus was also maintained by the late Mark Pattison, Master of Lincoln, who, however, regarded him not only as greater than Sophocles and Euripides, but as the greatest poet whom the world has produced. The occasion which led to the expression of this opinion appears

to me to be sufficiently remarkable to be worthy of remembrance.

"Once, during a call, he addressed to me the following question: 'Throughout the wide range of poetical literature, which do you consider the greatest work?' In reply to this query, I said that I should hesitate between the Iliad of Homer and the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante; not that I should place either Homer or Dante before Shakespeare; nevertheless, the above-named poems are undoubtedly greater than any *single* drama of the great English poet. After some conversation, I thought myself entitled to inquire of Mr. Pattison which, among the poetical productions of the world, he considered the greatest. To my surprise, without a moment's hesitation, he replied, 'The Agamemnon of Æschylus, without question,' adding, 'and with every perusal my opinion is confirmed.' Had he named the Æschylian Trilogy, including the Agamemnon, the Chœpheri, and the Eumenides, I should have been less surprised, as, taken together,

they form a magnificent whole. Had the Eumenides been lost, no poetic genius could, in my opinion, have divined the Æschylean *dénouement* to the Orestean tragedy as there embodied, namely, the transformation of the Furies into the Eumenides or beneficent deities—in other words, the transmutation of the instinctive feeling of revenge into the principle of eternal justice.

"I have been sometimes tempted to imagine that, in reply to my query, Mr. Mark Pattison must have had in his mind the Æschylean Trilogy. Certain it is, however, that he only spoke of the Agamemnon, and that most emphatically.

"One evening, in the course of conversation with Lord Farrer, I mentioned Mr. Gladstone's views as to what he considered the shortcomings of Goethe's ethical teaching. 'Being primarily an artist, the German poet,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'has written admirably about beauty, but throughout the wide range of his writings I do not remember a single mention of Duty.'

"To this Lord Farrer replied that he considered Mr. Gladstone had done Goethe a profound injustice, and this confirms my own impression that, from Goethe's point of view, excellence consisted in the harmonious development of the various capacities and powers inherent in human nature; hence, in his delineation of life under all its manifold aspects, the æsthetic and moral elements are never disjoined; the latter, as in real life, being interwoven into the texture of his work whether narrative or dramatic; accordingly it is not surprising that in his writings there should be no *direct* allusion to Duty."

She instanced the scene in the dungeon, where Faust, stung to the quick by horror and remorse on witnessing the misery wrought by his sin, exclaims, "Would I had ne'er been born!" and Margaret's appeal from the judgment of men to a higher tribunal, feeling herself purified by suffering, "Judgment of God, to thee my soul I give!" as moral teaching of a high order.

Further recollections :—

"I was introduced to Bishop Colenso at an evening party at Mrs. Baden Powell's house, when I had a most interesting conversation with him. The acquaintance thus begun was continued at intervals during his sojourn in London. Many will remember the obloquy with which Bishop Colenso's book on the Pentateuch was received in London society on account of the doubt thrown on certain statements in the Old Testament. For the publication of views which are now very generally entertained, and which made an epoch in English criticism, he was universally shunned. I can bear witness to the serene magnanimity and calm dignity with which he met the contempt and abuse which were showered upon him."

"Few things are more remarkable than the change in Theological opinion which has taken place within the last thirty or forty years. Well do I remember the uneasiness produced in many minds by the statement in Dean Milman's 'History of the Jews' that the safe passage of the Hebrews across the

Red Sea might have been caused by the direction of the wind! 'The children of Israel,' we are told in Exodus, 'went into the midst of the sea on dry ground, and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left.' To throw a doubt upon this miracle was thought almost as unwarrantable as it would be now to impugn the statements of Darwin and Huxley!"

Of Dean Stanley we have the following:—

"I had the privilege also of Dean Stanley's acquaintance. As may well be imagined, far from joining in the persecution of Bishop Colenso, Dean Stanley sympathised most warmly with the dauntless courage and ardent love of truth which were his distinguishing characteristics. This favourable attitude on the part of the Dean towards a 'reputed heretic' found forcible expression at the meeting of Convocation. . . . On one occasion he bravely informed the assembled clergy that when they were all forgotten Bishop Colenso's name would be held in honour.

"I was so deeply impressed by the solitary grandeur of the position occupied by Dean Stanley on that occasion that I have compared him to Horatius standing alone upon the bridge.

"I saw him for the last time at the flower-show party at the Deanery on July 7, 1881. Having taken cold on that occasion, his death followed soon after. With that sad event all who had come under his influence must have felt that the world was poorer by the withdrawal of one, the charm of whose nature was unique and whom it was impossible to know and not to love."

Amongst the frequent visitors to Cumberland Terrace were Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, whom she numbered amongst her intimate friends. In the year 1882 Lady Martin brought out her beautiful volume of "The Female Characters of Shakespeare," and addressed the letter introducing "Imogen" to her friend, Anna Swanwick. A few years later, when Queen Victoria honoured Bryntysilio with a visit, Lady Martin

invited her to be present on the occasion, but feeling her health too uncertain she was obliged to decline, much to her regret.

She was always anxious to make acquaintance with those who were working for the cause of women's advancement, and she was interested on one occasion on receiving a visit from the Marchese di Montezemolo, an Italian lady of note, to learn that she was much interested in the woman's movement in America, and that she was translating Miss Cobbe's "Duties of Women" into Italian for her country-women.

The following extract is from a letter after paying a visit to Dr. Martineau at the Polchar, Aviemore, 1883:—

"I have felt it to be a rare privilege to have tarried so many days under the roof of our 'Prophet-Poet' as Dr. Martineau has been aptly styled,—to have shared his admiration for the glorious scenery, which surrounds his Highland home, and to have enjoyed many a quiet colloquy on topics of

the deepest interest. To feel that the reverence with which I regarded him in my girlhood should have been transfigured into the beautiful and reverential friendship of later years, is indeed a happiness!"

Dr. Martineau wrote asking her to repeat her visit the next year, and gave the following interesting account of a thunderstorm, showing not only his power of vividly describing natural effects but his amazing physical energy in his eightieth year!

He writes :—

"On Thursday last we had the peril and the glory of being on the top of Braeriach (4,250 feet), when a tremendous storm, first visible from afar, drifted up from the passes of the south and west, and, planting us beneath a low roof of clouds, burst overhead so close that we were *at the thunder* as it cracked, and saw the streak of lightning dash into the near rocks like a ball of fire. It was a sublime sight; the more so, as beyond the edges of the black canopy, and through the driving rain and hail, appeared mountains,

now far off, basking in sunshine, and outspread below a landscape chequered with green fields and glistening lochs and sheltering forests. We reached home all safe at nightfall, with no further harm than a bruise which I got through a trip-up and fall upon some rough rocks."

. . . . .

After paying a visit to Oxford in 1884, she wrote :—

"I particularly enjoyed my visit to Oxford, where I was the guest of Professor and Mrs. Max Müller. You will agree with me in considering it a privilege to come into direct communion with those whom we have long looked upon as our enlighteners and educators ; such has been my feeling as the guest of Professor Max Müller, who, like all great men, is distinguished by simplicity of character, ready to give forth his stores of knowledge when called upon, or to discourse pleasantly on familiar topics. I was not prepared to find him an accomplished musician ; he was the intimate friend of

Mendelssohn, and hesitated in his boyhood whether he should make music his profession."

During one of his visits to London, she formed a friendship with Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom she described as a singularly lovable and simple-hearted man. On one occasion allusion was made to Cowper's poems, when he said he considered "The Address to his Mother's Picture" was the most pathetic poem in the English language, adding that so great was his love for Cowper, that had he time, he would fain make a pilgrimage to every locality associated with his memory.

"In connection with Cowper's theological aberrations," she writes, "I was informed by Dr. Holmes that, in his medical capacity, he was required at stated times to visit all the lunatic asylums in New England.

"'You would be surprised,' he said, 'by the number of religious maniacs there immured: men and women who had been driven mad by the fear of everlasting

torments.' He thus found his own theory realised by fact, and he continued as follows :—

"'Any decent person ought to go mad if he really holds these opinions. . . . Anything that is brutal, cruel, heathenish, that makes life hopeless for the most of mankind, and perhaps for entire races, no matter by what name you call it, if received, ought to produce insanity in any well-regulated mind!'

"He continued :—

"'It was the doctrine of eternal torment that brought me out from the religion in which I had been brought up; I could not reconcile the thought of God's infinite love, with a belief in never-ending punishment.'

"He told me that it was on account of his opposition to the damnation creed, taught by the Puritans, that he first fell under the ban of the religious world.

"His errand in theology was, as he himself said, 'to oppose his colonial forefathers, who had made it their business to "*diabolize*

the Deity."' Accordingly, for views now generally entertained, he was, at the commencement of his career, denounced by the orthodox clergy as an atheist and an infidel !

"He informed me, on another occasion, that he was constantly receiving from authors presentation copies of their works, which he was unable to acknowledge from stress of work, the only exception he had made being in favour of Canon Farrar's 'Eternal Hope.' 'More than once,' writes E. Stuart Phelps, 'I heard him speak of Canon Farrar's book "Eternal Hope," with an emotion touching to witness, and ennobling to remember. His voice broke, and the tears stirred at the mere mention of the title. "I cannot get beyond it," he said reverently; "'Eternal Hope' —I cannot talk about the title of that book, it moves me too much, it goes too deep."'"

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes made another exception to his rule of not personally acknowledging books sent to him by authors,

as he wrote a kind and gratifying letter to his friend Anna Swanwick, on receiving a copy of her "Poets the Interpreters of their Age."

In the year 1895 she had the great pleasure of making the acquaintance of Sir George Grey, with whom she had many deeply interesting conversations, and for whom she had the greatest admiration. He was a very old man when she was first introduced, and their friendship was cut short by his death in 1898.

After his death she wrote down a few recollections of what Sir George Grey had told her of his experiences in New Zealand and elsewhere, from which the following are extracted :—

"When the time arrived for Sir George Grey to leave New Zealand, many deputations of chiefs waited upon him. One chief having been chosen to speak for the rest, the others broke out in full chorus, before the commencement of his address, chanting with great pathos the following song :—

"Go, while the sun is shining,
Great shelter of our land;
Go, while the hearts are pining
Of this once savage land.

Go, while the winds are playing
In gusts above our head,
The while our hearts are saying,
'He now to us is dead.'

Go, and before the morrow
Gaze on the deep, dark sea,
And then these hearts in sorrow
Shall whisper, 'Where is he?'

"In 1890 he was delegated by the New Zealand Parliament to attend the meeting of the Federal Convention of Australia, in Sydney. Though in favour of Federation, he was intensely opposed to the conservative principles embodied in the Federal Bill, which, however, notwithstanding his opposition, was carried by a large majority.

"His subsequent tour through Australia was a triumphal progress, which culminated in the immense gathering in the Centenial Hall of Melbourne, which, though capable of holding eight thousand people, was crowded in every

part, while thousands assembled outside the doors.

"On leaving Australia in 1890 he returned to his island home, where he continued to reside till 1895. He then came to England, where he remained till his death.

"It was at this period that I made his acquaintance, through the kindness of my friend, Mrs. Lyell, who brought him to call upon me. On one occasion, in the course of conversation, allusion was made to the first Maori War, at the termination of which, according to the published Life of Sir George, the maintenance of peace depended upon the construction of roads through the territories of the Maori chiefs. One chief, however, notwithstanding the express wish of the Governor, declared that no roads should be made through his territory. Having read the Life I alluded to this incident, and expressed my admiration of his wise diplomacy in dealing with the recalcitrant chief, to whom, instead of threats of compulsion, he had presented a carriage with a beautiful pair

of horses, informing him at the same time that it would do his young girl bride good if he would take her a drive every day. I was here interrupted by Sir George, who informed me that unfortunately the Life, with reference to this incident, was incorrect; for the moment I was disappointed, fearing that there was no foundation for this story of the Governor's present of the carriage and horses to the recalcitrant chief. My fears were, however, allayed when he added, 'It was not a young bride but an *old sister*, for whom I recommended the use of the carriage.'

"I may mention, in conclusion, that not long before his departure he most kindly sent me a copy of the address presented to him by the Cook Islanders, beginning, 'One word to you, O Grey,' and which embodied the following prayer: 'May God's blessing rest upon you, and give peace and happiness to you, who have done so much for the peace and happiness of others.'

"He also presented me with a copy of an early and beautiful edition of Æschylus,

which I prize most highly, not only for its own sake, but as the gift of one whom I honour and admire, and to have known whom I esteem one of the privileges of my life."

. . . . .

Late in life she had the pleasure of making acquaintance with Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff and the Marquis of Bute, who used to spend many an hour on Sunday afternoons at Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, exchanging thoughts with her on subjects of general interest. It shows her open-mindedness that she was able to sympathise with all shades of belief, whilst firmly holding to her own strong convictions, and she frequently remarked that with the Marquis of Bute she discussed Unitarianism, Catholicism, Judaism, and other forms of religious worship, quite freely and without reserve, each holding their own views to the end!

CHAPTER IV

Public Work—Extracts from Speeches, etc., 1873 to 1889

It would be giving but a poor impression of the life of Anna Swanwick were we to confine our attention to her literary work and interesting social intercourse. During the years between 1873 and 1889 she threw herself with great earnestness into the consideration of public questions which she felt to be of paramount importance, and which had for their object the uplifting of her fellow men and women, and the amelioration of the position of women before the law. She was not an agitator in the ordinary sense of the word, but by her sympathy with those who were working for great causes, by her example, by

ANNA SWANWICK.

Enlarged from a Kodak Photograph taken by a friend, 1897.

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her life of simple devotion to what she considered the highest good, she did much more than many others to raise the position of women. She had been amongst the first supporters of the movement to promote the political enfranchisement of women, and gave an interesting account of the now historical event which first led her to take up the cause. Soon after her return from Germany a feeling of widespread indignation was aroused by the treatment of a noble band of women-workers, headed by Lucretia Mott, who came from Massachusetts in answer to an invitation sent to "the friends of the slave" in all parts of the world, to join a great Anti-Slavery Convention in London in June, 1840. When the meeting opened these ladies were refused admittance on account of their sex! In vain did Wendell Phillips, who also came from Massachusetts, represent that they had come 4,000 miles, leaving their families and occupations in order to utter their protest against slavery—that if any persons there present could be called "the friends of the

slave," Mrs. Mott and her fellow-workers deserved that name, &c., &c. . . . A heated discussion followed, and when the question was put to the vote, it went against the women ! One speaker argued that it would be " subversive of the principles and traditions of the country and contrary to the Word of God " if women were allowed to sit in conclave with men. They might sit in the gallery and *listen*, but for women to speak in public was shocking bad taste and could never be allowed!

This flagrant act of injustice planted the seed of discontent in many a woman's mind, and Anna Swanwick, feeling within her the same spirit that animated Lucretia Mott, resented the indignity done to her and her fellow-workers, and determined to help her sex to take their proper place in the body politic.

For many years nothing much could be done, so strong was the feeling against women mixing in public affairs, but in 1865 J. S. Mill was asked to present a petition to

Parliament in favour of the suffrage, which he promised to do if 100 signatures could be obtained. To every one's surprise no fewer than 1,500 names appeared when the petition was presented, amongst the number being that of Anna Swanwick, as was to be expected.

It was at a meeting in 1873 in support of this movement (Sir Robert Anstruther, M.P., presiding) that she first discovered that she had the gift of public speaking. Her friend Frances Power Cobbe, who was present on the occasion, gives the following interesting reminiscence :—

"I have a clear recollection of hearing Anna Swanwick make her first speech in public. She was at the time sixty years of age, and had never (as I was assured) taken part in the proceedings at any meeting to which admittance was open ; and it may be noted that in her private circle, and even at her own table, she rarely assumed the reins of *general* conversation, but talked with animation, or listened with eager sympathy, to her nearest neighbours.

"On this occasion, however, it was planned by some of the leaders of the 'Woman's Suffrage' Movement to utilise and give all possible publicity to Miss Swanwick's known approval of the agitation. At a large public meeting (I think in Hanover Square Rooms) the seconding of a resolution was allotted to her. We all expected that she would simply rise from her seat on the platform and say something equivalent to 'I am very happy to support this resolution,' and afterwards we thought we would do our best to draw attention to the fact that so learned a woman, and one so universally respected, had given us her unqualified approbation. But we were agreeably disappointed. I was sitting very near her on the platform, and watched with keen interest what actually occurred. Miss Swanwick rose when called upon, and stood facing the sea of heads extending to the end of the large hall. She spoke at once a sentence or two in clear utterance and without hesitation, but, as she immediately recognised, in too low a key. Then she raised her voice pre-

cisely to the pitch required to reach the end of the hall, perfectly audible, but without *falsetto* or failure of fulness of tone, and in that sweet, strong voice, which none of us had guessed she possessed, she continued to speak, without hesitation or failure of words, for something like twenty minutes. Her speech was crammed with ideas, and of course had been prepared beforehand, but she had no manuscript or notes, and it was absolutely extempore.

"I questioned whether any other speaker, man or woman, who had attained to his or her sixtieth year, without the smallest experience of public oratory, ever achieved such a success. At all events, any one who has had some practical familiarity with that difficult art will admit that to begin to employ it at that age, and then do it thoroughly well on first trial, was little short of marvellous.

"After that interesting occasion I believe that Miss Swanwick spoke not infrequently in public on the subjects that specially interested her."

Miss Cobbe's vivid account of the meeting errs in the statement that the speech was "prepared beforehand." It was, on the contrary, an inspiration of the moment, as she had not known that she would be called upon to speak, and the following passage from a contemporary journal shows how it impressed her audience :—

"The speech of the evening was delivered by Miss A. Swanwick, who had never spoken on a platform before and never made a public speech in her life. It was most eloquent and admirably reasoned, delivered with a tender, touching, womanly grace which kept the audience silent whilst she spoke and brought down thunders of applause when she sat down. She concluded the speech with these words :—

"'On the battlefield of life, where the powers of evil and of good are arrayed for mortal combat, the forces which are needed are not physical but spiritual forces ; not powerful limbs, but hearts and brains ; and in these women are not deficient. Give them a sound, practical education, remove

their social and political disabilities, and in their energy and sympathy, conscientiousness and tenderness we shall, I believe, have a reservoir of power which will lift this great nation to a higher level of social and political life!'" (*Birmingham Daily Post*).

The following extract is taken from a letter by F. W. Newman, dated 1867 :—

"I have quite come to the conviction that while men alone wield political power women will never have justice. That celebrated personage, 'the judicious despot,' if only he could be really omnipotent, might do justice to every class, race, and sex ; but while anything of constitutional freedom exists it is the business, duty, and tendency of each class to study its own interests, but as it has no definite duty, so neither has it knowledge or power to survey a whole empire or protect every *other* class ; and in fact an unrepresented class is often worse off under what is called freedom than under the despotism of one man. Its rights are protected only indirectly and by accident ; hence it is sure to suffer great wrongs."

After this she spoke in public on the same subject on several occasions. The inequality of the laws for men and women roused her to help to get these amended or repealed. At that time married women had no legal power over their own property. She lived to see the Married Woman's Property Act passed. The mother's claim to her own child was not then admitted by law; the father could, if he pleased, leave it in his will that his butler was to have charge of the children, and the mother had no redress! This law was altered in 1886.[1] The crusade

[1] Miss Cobbe thus expresses her feelings on this subject:—

"Whilst I and other happily circumstanced women have had no immediate wrongs of our own to gall us, we should still have been very poor creatures had we not felt bitterly those of our less fortunate sisters, the robbed and trampled wives, the mothers whose children were torn from them at the bidding of a dead or living father, the daughters kept in ignorance and poverty while their brothers were educated in costly schools and fitted for honourable professions. Such wrongs as these have inspired me with the persistent resolution to do everything in my power to protect the property, the persons, and the parental rights of women."—From the "Life of Frances Power Cobbe," by herself.

carried on by Mrs. Josephine Butler had also her warmest approval and support.

In a letter to her friend, Madame Retzius, of Stockholm, Anna Swanwick wrote :—

"Mr. Gladstone has recently delivered a most interesting address on the progress of women's education, in which he says, 'It is painful to look back upon the state of women as regards the way in which they were formerly treated by the law, the scanty provision that was then made for their welfare, and the gross injustice, flagrant, crying, shameful injustice, hardly credible to modern ears, to which, in certain particulars, they were subject.' He then spoke of the great improvement which has taken place in their position, which he traces not only to the alteration of the law, but also to the new opportunities and enormously increased hopes and prospects for usefulness which have been opened to them by the various colleges and by admission to degrees at the London University, by the right to sit on Boards of Guardians, on the School Boards, and other public bodies."

The subject of education occupied much of her time and thought. On her return from abroad, 1870, Mr. Forster's Education Bill had just passed and the first School Board election was about to take place. She was pressed to stand, but felt the strain would be too great with other work, and was reluctantly obliged to decline. She took a wide view of Education, which she understood to mean, not merely cramming into children's minds a number of facts which pass out of their remembrance when they leave school, but to teach them to think for themselves, to prepare them for the battle of life, to teach them the duties of citizenship, to create in their hearts a love of truth, honour, justice, and temperance. Thousands of children leave school every year, and the thought that their whole lives, after leaving school, may be influenced by the few years of school life, impressed her as a weighty and important consideration.

The office of teacher she held to be almost as sacred a one as that of preacher, requiring

many noble qualities in its exercise, such as patience, self-restraint, forbearance, and a knowledge of human nature. Speaking to women she says, "Most important is it that the teacher should enter upon her duties not as a mere teaching machine, trained to impart a certain modicum of knowledge, but as a living soul, whose function it is to develop the mental capacities of her pupils, to inspire them with a thirst for knowledge, a warm admiration of the beautiful, and a genuine delight in goodness!"

In an address delivered at Bedford College, speaking of some of the dangerous tendencies incident to a student's career, she says: "It is in no Cassandra-like spirit that I dwell upon the rocks ahead, but rather like the watcher at the prow, by whose timely warning the dangers may be averted. Thus the intense application requisite to master some branches of intellectual culture, together with the absorbing interest felt in their acquisition, have a tendency to blind the student to the true object of education, which is not the

mere acquisition of knowledge, however valuable, but the harmonious development of our many-sided and wonderfully complex nature.

"Students are to be found—and I am drawing no imaginary picture, though the originals, I hope, are rare—distinguished for their classical and mathematical attainments, who at the same time are unconscious of the wide realms of intellectual culture which lie beyond their own comparatively narrow sphere. Such one-sided culture is not only prejudicial to the individual; it tends also to bring the so-called higher education of women into disrepute.

"Far be it from me to discourage the thorough mastery of any branch of knowledge to which the student may devote himself or herself. I should indeed earnestly recommend each student to select some special subject or subjects which she feels most in harmony with her tastes and capabilities, and having made her selection, to throw into those studies her whole strength

and endeavour thoroughly to master them. Faithful, earnest work in any department strengthens the character and gives a certain repose and dignity to the mind ; the student must, however, remember that the tree of knowledge has its roots in our common humanity, and that no single branch can be satisfactorily studied if completely isolated from the rest. Above all, let her remember that her happiness and success in life will depend, not upon the mere acquisition of knowledge, but upon the cultivation of what has been justly styled "mental hospitality," together with a large and warm-hearted sympathy with her fellow-creatures. She must bear in mind that though she be conversant with the language of the Greeks or Romans, and though she understand the mysteries of the higher mathematics, and have not charity, in the broadest sense of the word, it will profit her comparatively little."

In a letter written to her friend, Madame Retzius, of Stockholm, after expressing her warm interest in the various schemes for

the improvement of the condition of women in Sweden to which her friend is devoting her energies, she says :—

"The movement to widen the horizon of women by raising the standard of female education and to qualify them for higher spheres to which they are aspiring, which in England has been so successful, will, I doubt not, in time spread to every country in Europe. People are, however, apt to forget that time in itself is powerless, that it is only through the strenuous efforts of individuals, such as those you are making in Stockholm, that the good cause can eventually prosper."

In the year 1878 she felt gratified on being called upon to present the first lady graduates from Bedford College, who went up to receive their degrees from the Chancellor of the London University ; and in the year 1884 she was elected to the office of Visitor to the College in succession to Erasmus A. Darwin and the Rev. Mark Pattison, which post she held for a period of five years. She was the first woman to be elected as Visitor.

She took a deep interest in all movements for the diffusion of culture amongst the people, feeling that education should not end with school life, but be carried on by various agencies through youth to manhood and womanhood.

She had a strong conviction, to which her whole life bore witness, that in order to regenerate mankind, and to make our boasted civilisation bear good fruit, we must, as Wordsworth put it, "Inspect the basis of the social pile," we must educate the masses of our great towns, as well as the population of the villages, to care for something higher than mere wage-earning and eating and drinking. She quoted these words :—

"Wouldst thou," says Carlyle, "plant for Eternity?—then plant into the deep infinite faculties of man, his phantasy, and heart; wouldst thou plant for year and day?—then plant into his shallow superficial faculties, his self-love and arithmetical understanding."

Her one desire was to help to elevate her fellow men and women intellectually and

morally, and she was never tired of giving expression to her earnest longing that the imagination, "that great faculty by which the soul ascends to the contemplation of the Divine," may be *more*, not *less*, cultivated in the future, and the grand and inspiring utterances of the poets instilled into the hearts of the people, young and old, rich and poor.

With this object in view, she spoke on various occasions in aid of the Bethnal Green Free Library, the People's Concert Society, the South London Fine Art Gallery, in which Lord Leighton also took a warm interest; and on being elected Vice-President of the Sunday Society, she read a paper at the Social Science Congress in 1875, the subject being "The Sunday Question considered." Showing the inconsistency of closing all places of intellectual interest and allowing the public-houses to be open, she continues: "It seems to me like an act of national suicide to awaken in the masses of our population, at great cost of time and treasure, some taste for intellectual pursuits, and at the same time

to withhold one of the principal means by which it may be gratified. Would that every gin palace could be transformed into a library or palace of art ; that the wonderful world of books and pictures could be thrown open to every man and woman in the community ; that the spirits by which they are now possessed should be superseded by the spirits of the wise and good of every age and clime ! The recognition of the absolute superiority of our spiritual over our physical nature, may be regarded as the goal towards which humanity is slowly but steadily progressing. There can be no progress without human effort, and when we consider the appalling amount of drunkenness, brutality, and destitution which prevail in this great city, we shall recognise that the crusade against them is a holy warfare, and that the effort to drive these demons of darkness from this beautiful world is the noblest employment in which man or woman can be engaged."

On sending her address on the Sunday question to Dr. Martineau, with a request

that he would become a member of the Society, she received the following letter in answer :—

"I heartily agree with every sentence of your excellent paper, and shall gladly enrol myself as an ordinary member of the Society. While allowing, however, large expansion to the old idea of Sunday, I would keep clear and distinct the public feeling that it is a day dedicated to the higher culture, and rescued from trading interests and selfish indulgence. And the tendency to turn it into a mere holiday, in which all competing amusements shall have free play, is so much on the increase, and is so easily confounded with the nobler conception, that great care will be required in winning the necessary freedom to guard it from degenerating. By all means make public museums, gardens, and libraries accessible, but if once you open the private trade in amusements, theatres, dancing halls, circuses, &c., I do not see what is to prevent the day from becoming worse than a working day, and then being added to the working

days ; because the liberty given to the entertaining trades cannot permanently be refused to the useful trades. . . ." (1875).

In 1888 she delivered an address in aid of Victoria Hall and Morley College. An amplification of this address appeared as a booklet, entitled, " An Utopian Dream, and how it may be realised." It was published by Kegan Paul, and excited a wide interest in the cause, and from it the following quotations are taken :—

Extracts from " An Utopian Dream."

More than three hundred years have elapsed since Sir Thomas More published his " Kingdom of Utopia," a name usually associated in our minds, not with higher possibilities, but rather with the unrealisable schemes of the visionary and the idealist.

The aspect of life in Utopia to which I refer is embodied in the following passage, which illustrates the extreme importance there attached to the intellectual culture of the citizens :—

"In the institution of the public weal, this end is chiefly minded, that what time may possibly be spared from the necessary occupations and affairs of the Commonwealth, all that the citizens could withdraw from bodily service should be devoted to the free liberty of the mind and garnishing of the same. For herein they conceive the felicity of this life to consist."

It is lamentable to think that in London, in the nineteenth century, the practice in this regard should be diametrically opposed to that described three hundred years ago in the "Kingdom of Utopia."

If we consider the vast population of London, which exceeds that of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg combined, and which is annually increased by the addition of seventy thousand souls; and if we remember that of these vast multitudes every individual is endowed with the rudiments, at least, of "those high capacious powers which lie folded up in man," and for the development of which an adequate supply of appro-

priate nutriment is absolutely essential, we shall realise how large a number of libraries and of institutions like the Royal Victoria Hall would be required did the inhabitants of London, like those of Utopia, recognise that in the cultivation of their higher nature the true felicity of life consists. What, however, is the actual state of things? In London at the present time the number of public libraries and kindred institutions is comparatively small, while the drink shops are numbered at twenty thousand. The contrast is appalling, and disgraceful to the boasted civilisation of the nineteenth century. . . .

Surely no nobler object for the employment of wealth could be suggested than the redemption of our toiling millions from the dull monotony of their daily lives, from which they too often seek relief in the gin-palace and other objectionable localities. Money so bestowed would furnish one of the best possible means for counteracting that unequal distribution of wealth which obtains at the present time, and which is regarded by

many as pregnant with danger to the commonwealth ; it would, moreover, have no tendency to pauperise or to demoralise its recipients, a result the apprehension of which has hitherto tended to check the flow of wealth from the higher to the lower levels of society.

Were the tidings suddenly spread that the plague, or some other deadly disease, had broken out in South London, and that thousands were dying of the pestilence, the cry for help would meet with an instant and generous response ; no effort would be considered too great, no appliances too costly, for relieving the sufferers and for arresting the spread of contagion. And shall we be more supine when the plague of sin is in our streets, when thousands of human souls are languishing under its ghastly influence, and when moral corruption is spreading its terrible infection far and wide ?

"The Huns and Vandals who will shipwreck our modern civilisation are being bred," we are told, "not in the steppes of Asia, but

in the slums and alleys of our great cities." Fortunately these modern hordes are not beyond our reach, nor are they unamenable to the various civilising agencies which can be brought to bear upon them.

Let it be the honour and glory of this generation to raise the depressed classes of the community to a higher level of moral and intellectual life ; to open to them sources of wholesome and elevating enjoyment, and thus to deliver them from the thraldom of lower gratification ; to bring them under the civilising influences of science, literature, and art, and to make them feel that the cultivation of their higher nature is not incompatible with manual toil.

The task is gigantic, but not impossible. Slavery and other terrible evils, as soon as the national conscience was awakened to a sense of their enormity, vanished before the force of popular enthusiasm.

Let the English people be once awakened to a sense of the noble service to which they are called in liberating their brethren at home

from the bondage of ignorance and sin, and drunkenness and other ghastly horrors will disappear, and "the moral desert will blossom as the rose." Then will be realised the Utopian dream of the good Lord Chancellor, and men will recognise that their true felicity consists, not in sensual gratification, but in "the free liberty of the mind, and garnishing of the same."

Extracted from an Address delivered at Grosvenor House, under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster (1888).

The following passage is taken from her address in aid of the People's Concert Society :—

"The wonders attributed to Orpheus are the symbolical expression of the wonder-working power of music. With his golden lyre he tamed the savage denizens of the forest ; allured the Argonauts from the pleasures of Lemnos ; lulled to sleep the dragon which guarded the golden Fleece ; suspended the torments of Hades ; and with this potent instrument he civilised the wild inhabitants of

Thrace. The golden lyre has not lost its wonder-working power. The great purpose of music, like that of poetry, with which it is so intimately associated, is, as set forth by Dr. Channing, 'to carry the mind above and beyond the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; to give it a respite from depressing cares, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotions.' This is the high vocation of music, and blessed indeed is the ministry of those who, like Orpheus of old, can touch the strings of the wonder-working lyre."

At this time there was no County Council to consider the wants of the people, no bands in the parks, and only by individual effort was anything accomplished. She had a high ideal of the function of the stage as a popular educator, having seen in her youth the wonderful acting of Mrs. Siddons, Macready, the Kembles, Rachel, Helen Faucit, and others, and on being asked to open a debate on the subject, she gave an eloquent address

showing how moral teaching should be the aim and object of the stage.

In 1875 an influential committee was formed by the leading scientific men of the day and others, including Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Carpenter, Frankland, Sir John Lubbock, and many more, for the purpose of instituting a course of lectures or addresses on Sunday evenings for the people. Anna Swanwick was asked to undertake one of these evenings, and she accepted the invitation to address the people at South Place, Finsbury. She said she felt inspired to touch the hearts of her audience, and she spoke for an hour so eloquently that one who was there said he would gladly have listened for another hour, and there was not a sound or a movement in the place. She took for her text, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Fortunately the main part of this discourse has been preserved.

CHAPTER V

1879

It is easy to conceive of the highest and to inculcate the beauty of self-sacrifice and the holiness of family ties, but not so easy to act up to the ideal! It may be truly said that she who so often lovingly addressed girl students, earnestly counselling them to guard against the subtle unconscious selfishness of study, to be careful to cherish with the enthusiasm for learning, the sacred duties of family life and of the affections, was not preaching a "counsel of perfection."

Those only who knew her intimately, knew the daily sacrifice, how, when the work her soul loved was before her, the importunate morning post brought its manifold claims

from the poor and the suffering, with appeals for advice and help which were never set aside, and never answered except in fullest measure, however unworthy they might seem in the sight of others. "First do the duty that lies before you, then only may one turn to the work that one loves." Thus she schooled herself, whilst the precious hours passed, and the still more precious physical strength waned. Yet who of those who knew her could have wished it otherwise!

As a friend has well said, "she not only felt for the sufferings of the poor and unhappy, but she felt that respect for them which is possible only to one in whom a sense of common humanity quite overrides the consciousness of differences of position or circumstances. The ordinary forms of courtesy were not forms to her. They expressed at once the reserve which shields our own intimate personality and the reverence with which we approach another's, and so she would address a petitioner, whose voice reached her from the workhouse, with the

same 'Dear Sir,' and conclude with the same 'yours sincerely,' that she would have employed to a scholar who had asked her for information as to some piece of literary work. This sincere and beautiful courtesy was a part of her humanity that characterised every human relation, and had little to do with social conventions."

. . . . .

When two members of a family live together in the closest bonds of sympathy and affection, it is impossible for one to suffer without influencing the life of the other. In the year 1879 it was pronounced necessary for her sister Catherine, who had been her life-long companion, to undergo an operation on her eyes, and when this resulted in a complete loss of sight for reading, writing, or working, Anna Swanwick gave up, in a great measure, her social and public engagements, and the time for her own work, and with beautiful unselfishness devoted herself for the next four years to the care and amusement of her sister.

Catherine Swanwick had a poetic gift of no mean order ; her industry in writing, and her inventiveness, had been marked characteristics throughout her life. Three small volumes of short poems, published under the title of "Poems by L.," received very gratifying notices from the press, and gave pleasure to many, besides which she published several poetical dramas and longer poems. She was also gifted with a love of music, of mathematics, and of languages. It may be easily imagined how great was the trial of enforced idleness to a mind so full of energy, and ideas that sought expression through her pen, but she was never heard to complain. "What can't be cured must be endured," was her motto, and the sweetness of her disposition made the task of ministering to her a real pleasure. Many a delightful hour was spent in listening to the "Divina Commedia," which Anna Swanwick read aloud in the original, translating passages as she went on, or Dr. Martineau's works would be carefully studied and commented upon, whilst

lighter literature, such as French and German novels, interesting articles in the reviews, or noteworthy speeches in Parliament, varied by music, would help to pass the time pleasantly during the winter evenings.

During these years the quiet home of the two sisters in the Regent's Park became the rendezvous of kindred spirits, drawn together by the rare charm and graciousness of the hostesses and the magnetic influence of the one whose life we have been sketching. All shades of opinion were represented at the informal social gatherings which so many will recall.

She never spoke about her work ; many of her friends wished she had more often done so.

The Right Hon. Leonard Courtney, recording his intercourse with her, writes thus :—

" The spectacle of her quick, eager, and sympathetic nature was always delightful, and the charm of its presentment remained till the last, her vivacity overcoming all the drawbacks of advancing years.

"Nothing could be pleasanter than her receptions at her house in Regent's Park, where the youngest seemed to be as keenly welcomed as the companions of earlier life, while her interest in the work and movements of the new generation never slackened.

"I have most agreeable recollections of these reunions, yet I think the scene which I like most to recall, was an out-door one at Hampstead. I was standing many years ago under the fir-trees at the end of the heath looking across the Brent valley to Harrow under the afternoon light, when Miss Anna Swanwick approached with her sister, whom she had brought up in an invalid condition, to get the benefit of the healthy surroundings. Her fond attention to her sister, her quiet talk of the place and the view, and her friendly interest in our meeting, abide in my memory as a most pleasant recollection. This is the merest trifle, but the impression it left is an illustration of the rest and peace we all gained in her society."

After four years of failing health and

decreasing powers, Catherine Swanwick fell asleep, nursed and tended to the end by her devoted sister Anna.

In the midst of her grief and loneliness came letters from friends which touched her deeply.

F. H. Newman wrote :—

"DEAR FRIEND,—It is a terrible wrench, an irrevocable loss; but if anything can assure to you a serene power of bearing it, I believe it will rest on the fact that you have sacrificed your wishes, your time, your active service, to your sister. You will have no self-reproach in the thought that you only learnt her worth too late!"

From George MacDonald :—

"DEAR FRIEND,—The shadows are drawing down upon us, are they not, hiding one after another of those we loved and honoured. But they are the shadows of the summer evening, whose colours are the prophecies

of the dawn. If there is any truth in Christianity, and I am more and more convinced, and would be, I almost think, if it were only for the increasing demands it makes upon me—that there is in it All truth—then there is no evil in death. We may call the precedent suffering an evil, but it is an evil with profoundest good at the heart of it. In death itself, I do not believe there is any essential evil. But you know these things better than I do, though I think I am going on to learn them better and better! You are not of those who are alone, or can be alone, for the Father is with you. Many a strengthening little talk have I had with you, though so seldom of late, and we shall have more and more in the new life at hand for both of us.

"Yours affectionately,

"George MacDonald."

After speaking of an illness borne with sweet submissive spirit, Dr. Martineau writes :—

"One is tempted to think she might well have been spared a discipline so austere. Yet what are we, that we should expect to follow the great tide of things into every creek and inlet of private life into which it winds? At all events, the sufferer knows better than the observer the whole inner nature of the experience, and may lift us into sympathy with that absolute trust, which is at once the expression of love, the perfection of wisdom, and the source of repose!" . . . .

After her sister Catherine's death she lived alone for part of the year, but joined her beloved sister, Mrs. Bruce, and her nieces, at some beautiful country place for three or four months in the summer, where she enjoyed complete repose amidst the beauties of Nature, in the companionship of her who had been the idol of her youth, the sympathiser in all her joys and sorrows, and who now shared with her "a beautiful old age."

She used to say she never felt lonely—her society was sought almost more than in

former years by a large circle of friends, and the following reminiscence kindly sent by Lady Huggins gives an interesting account of the friendly gatherings in the bright home in the Regent's Park, where the small figure, bent with age, but sparkling with vivacity, her soul looking out through her eyes, kept every one interested and amused by her conversation.

A Recollection of Anna Swanwick

"Although I had long been familiar with the writings and with the work of Miss Swanwick, it was not until the last years of her life that I had the happiness of becoming personally acquainted with her. This I shall always regret; but one compensation I have, in the opportunity afforded me of observing how even in advanced age there may be retained a full capacity for welcoming a new acquaintance, and for taking pains to develop and cultivate friendship from acquaintanceship.

"I shall leave it to others who knew Miss

Swanwick better and longer, to speak of her fine powers and qualities in detail; and to consider and estimate her contributions to the life and literature of her time. I propose simply to try and give some idea of the impression she made upon me.

"My first feeling on being introduced to Miss Swanwick was that she possessed rare personal attractiveness. Her way of welcoming one, exquisitely quiet though it was, drew one to her as by a spell. And a spell there was, which by degrees revealed itself to the observer.

"As to the last Miss Swanwick held something of a *salon*, it is worth while to consider her spell.

"Madame Récamier and Madame Mohl have left us interesting notes of what they thought useful means for making *salons* successful; and their means there can be little doubt are consciously or unconsciously used by all *salon* holders.

"But no one surely, admittedly successful in forming and maintaining a *salon*, ever used

such simple means as Miss Swanwick. One word expresses all her means, and her spell. It was—Love.

"In recalling her in a corner of her pleasant drawing-room, placed so that she could see and hear all her guests with ease, with a copy of Thorwaldsen's beautiful Christ corbelled out above her, I picture a scene which must live for ever in many hearts. The statuette, and the frail figure beneath it, seemed mysteriously linked together, and a feeling of a common discipleship and of a common brotherhood seemed to me to flow from that linking, and subtly to diffuse its influence.

"It is not always that the same person is fitted to shine in intimate and in general intercourse. Indeed, as a rule, those who are satisfying in intimate converse do not shine in general converse ; and *vice versâ*.

"It appeared to me that Miss Swanwick succeeded in both kinds of converse, and that this success was due to moral factors even more than to intellectual ones. To consider it a little leads me back to what I have spoken of as Miss Swanwick's spell.

"In various intimate talks she put before me very clearly her views as to old age. She had pondered deeply the sequential nature of the phases of human life, and held that age when healthful and normal had its mission and its usefulness as truly as have youth and maturity. There was no tendency in her to murmur or complain about the limitations of age. On the contrary she accepted them—reduced physical capability, reduced intellectual creative power, as positively helpful in the discharge of the supreme mission of age. This mission she again and again pressed upon me, is—to love. Listening to her I could not but think of the conclusion reached by one of England's too little remembered thinkers:

"'What crafte is best to lerne?' asks Langland; and

"'Lerne to love,' is his emphatic answer.

"The full work of a long life was necessary, Miss Swanwick seemed to think, for cultivating sympathetic, interpretive love. Leisure too, she seemed to think, was needed to

develop the power of sympathetic loving. Suggestive this, in view of the rush allowed more and more to pervade the life of to-day!

"But if Miss Swanwick thought that the mission of old age was—to love, it is necessary to try and give some idea of what she understood by love. To love, in her sense, meant a wide sympathy which presupposed a wide adaptiveness; and this, in turn, presupposed great knowledge and experience. Such sympathy could only be the outcome of a life diligently spent in youth and maturity, using all its powers vigorously and wisely. The old age which was so rich in its powers, and so happy and beautiful in Anna Swanwick, was the logical outcome of a wisely lived life. She had worked diligently and devotedly, but *wisely*. She had not exhausted herself or rendered herself incapable of completing her mission through constant *over*work or impatience. Very sure am I that the usefulness and beauty of the closing years of her life were fully equal to those of her maturity.

"I have dwelt on this topic because it has an universal interest. In the course of nature old age must come to all, and there can be no doubt that the failure to provide morally and intellectually for old age and to consider its duties important is so common a mistake, and one which leads to so much waste of precious possibilities and to so much unhappiness, that it is well worth while to study an example of happy and useful old age and learn its secret. The truth is that the progressive stages of life have each a peculiar mission. The stages are meant to succeed and perfect each other. The saying, 'Whom the gods love die young,' is the outcome of a narrow and cowardly view of life. More perfect surely the picture presented by a life which in youth, in maturity, and in age has been spent worthily, and is at last laid down in a rich and ripe perfection of all that should accompany old age.

"Miss Swanwick gave me the impression, too, of having felt profoundly the deep sug-

gestiveness of the surprises which succeeding states of life hold. She had found in age beautiful things which she had not known in her maturity. And if age had brought new joys, as had youth and maturity before, why not the next state? Apart from belief, she gave me the impression of feeling keen interest in what would follow age, after 'crossing the bar.'

. . . . . .

"Good talkers are rare, but good conversationalists are rarer. The reason is not far to seek. To be a good conversationalist there is needful much power of self-repression and of self-adaptation. So to speak, strategy alone may serve a talker, but without skill in tactics no one can hope to shine as a conversationalist. Indeed, although one good conversationalist may lead and do much, really good conversation is only possible when all present have the moral qualities above referred to, in addition to individual ability and information.

"It seemed to me that Miss Swanwick suc-

ceeded both as a conversationalist and as a talker, but I had most opportunity of judging of her as a talker. It was striking how universal were her interests, and her eager desire to know of the newer developments in subjects which had special interest for her was remarkable. And even where she had no special knowledge her readiness of apprehension and her intellectual sympathy were both refreshing and inspiring. Also she could listen as well as talk. She gave the impression that she knew you had much to say of interest and was anxious to hear it. She at once established a sympathetic atmosphere.

"She enjoyed keenly a discussion, and it was remarkable how strictly she kept to the point and how logical she was in stating her views. She fought well, but could admit being beaten with perfect sweetness; still there was no mistaking the gleam of satisfaction in the dear clear blue eyes if one owned that she was victor! What seemed to me, however, to give her peculiar pleasure was to find that

by quite different lines of reasoning her own mind and another had reached similar conclusions on some subject. 'Then we *must* be in the way of Truth,' she would say.

. . . . .

"Miss Swanwick had known many notable people, both in England and abroad, and her remarks about them and impressions of them were always worth hearing. She was a shrewd observer and spoke her opinions plainly, but she never made an unkind remark. Indeed I believe she was incapable of such a thing.

"Her views about translation were interesting. The first condition for successful translation she believed to be strong mental sympathy with the author, induced by constant study of his works and by meditation on them, so that his thoughts and even way of thinking become in a measure one's own. In this state happy translation into one's own language was, she held, likely to come naturally.

. . . . .

"Her memory was good and stored

with good things. I have heard her repeat beautifully, long passages from Wordsworth. This reminds me of a point of importance, the beautiful way in which Miss Swanwick spoke. Her voice was agreeable and clear, but it was also well used. She spoke distinctly and at an easy rate, neither slowly nor quickly, and her English was always excellent. No unfinished sentences, no poverty of diction. The adjectives especially were always well chosen. The English language as spoken habitually by this woman of over eighty was really worth listening to.

"It is often lamented that those who have been good talkers and good conversationalists pass away and that nothing remains but a memory. There is truth in the lament. Nevertheless, Papias was not wrong when he dwelt upon the importance of the 'living voice,' nor was he mistaken when he called it 'abiding.' Far more than we of Western civilisation realise, the *spoken* word *abides*. And it always seemed to me

that Miss Swanwick's own talk, and the talk she inspired about her, maintained the high level it did because she deeply, though unconsciously, felt this, and her feeling communicated itself to others.

"These few notes give, I feel, a feeble idea of the kind of impression made upon me in her old age by one of the rare and beautiful personalities of the Victorian time. But perfect biographies cannot be written, and perfect impressions cannot be given."

MARGARET LINDSAY HUGGINS.

. . . . .

In 1892 Anna Swanwick published a work entitled "Poets the Interpreters of Their Age," with the following interesting dedication to Dr. Martineau :—

To
The Rev. James Martineau, LL.D., D.D., D.C.L.,
I dedicate the following Work,
In grateful recognition of the encouragement which he has given me during its preparation for the Press,
and in remembrance of the unbroken
friendship with which he
has honoured me for a period of
full sixty years.

This volume was the expansion of a paper which she read to a meeting of a Literary Society, and it shows how wide was the range of her studies in literature and her appreciation of all forms of poetic thought and expression. She wrote to Dr. Martineau whilst preparing the book for publication as follows :—

"I feel doubtful whether my work will ever see the light, but it would be a satisfaction to me to leave behind me something which might induce young people to give more time to the systematic study of poetry, which, now that the range of their studies is so widely extended, is, I fear, in danger of being crowded out. It is this hope which has encouraged me to persevere in my task, which has at the same time afforded me such a delightful occupation, that should my work never be published I shall not regret the time bestowed upon it."

She was gratified to hear from Professor Max Müller, "I have read a considerable portion of your work with great delight.

How you must have read and treasured up! . . ."

And from Oliver Wendell Holmes: "I wish you to know that your work ('Poets the Interpreters') delighted me!"

And after the death of Lord Tennyson she received a letter from his son: "We found your book open on his table at page 103 ('Poets the Interpreters of Their Age'). He liked what you said in the little volume, and was reading it shortly before he passed away."

The following year a small volume on "Evolution and the Religion of the Future" was published. This was originally an address delivered at a meeting of the Liberal Social Union and afterwards published in the *Contemporary Review*. It was expanded and revised, and reissued in its present form in 1894.

On her eightieth birthday she was much gratified by receiving a deputation of ladies who came to present her with a beautiful token of their regard. This was a copy of

the black-letter printing of "The History of Troye" and other works, reproduced by Morris in six volumes, and containing on the illuminated flyleaf the following inscription signed by thirty-five ladies :—

"TO ANNA SWANWICK.

"In asking your acceptance of the accompanying Works we desire to express our respect for one whose life has shown that it is possible to combine eager hopes for the future with loyal reverence for the Past, and whose sympathy has continually helped and encouraged all earnest efforts to promote the development of the useful work of women.

"Dated *June 22nd*, 1893."

Although she felt the burden of advancing years and was often incapacitated by illness, she kept up her interest in everything that was going on in the world as keenly as she had done in the prime of life. That her intellect was as clear as in youth is shown by the following extract from letters. Writing to a friend she says :—

"In Greek I have been re-reading with fresh delight the 'Apologia' and 'The Phædo,' and feel as I always do in reading

Plato that he lifts one up into a higher sphere. I have also read for the first time Plato's Κριτων, which represents Socrates under a very noble aspect—one is reminded of what Alcibiades says in the 'Symposium' respecting the utterances of Socrates, 'that they are so supremely beautiful, so golden, so divine and wonderful, that everything he commands surely ought to be obeyed, even like the voice of a God!'"

Again she writes :—

"I am reading with great interest and admiration Dr. Martineau's 'Types of Ethical Theory.' It is an admirable work, but cannot be read hastily, every page requires consideration. . . ."

In letters to Dr. Martineau she writes thus on a subject which occupied her thoughts more and more as life went on, namely, the growing agnosticism of the age :—

"It is my conviction that, if the coming generations are not to drift into agnosticism and other dreary forms of unbelief, their

affections must be kindled and their reverence awakened by the surpassing beauty of the character of the grand central figure of Christendom." . . . Again, "The tendency of the age is to underrate the amazing spiritual force put forth by the founder of Christianity, which, combined with his unique historical position, renders him a centre round whom has gathered, and I believe will continue to gather, the gratitude, the appreciation, and the reverence of humanity. These sentiments towards Jesus Christ appear to me to be quite compatible with the Theistic principle that God is the sole object of adoration; at the same time they satisfy a deep want in human nature, and in my judgment supply the bond which will eventually unite the members of the human race into one brotherhood, bowing down with him in adoration to his God and our God, to his Father and our Father. . . .

"It seems to me that the great want of the age is a faith at once spiritual and reasonable, and the orthodox doctrines (as popularly

understood) do not even profess to satisfy the reason."

After speaking of her doubts about becoming a member of the Ethical Society, she continues:—

"It appears to me to be supremely important that the Moral Law should be recognised as resting upon a divine basis, and be thus invested with authority capable of controlling the passions of men, and enabling them to resist temptation. Now the teaching of the Ethical Society, one fundamental principle of which is, that the moral law rests upon no outward authority, not only ignores the divine ground of that law, but is directly opposed to it. Nevertheless, a good life and good conduct are so supremely important, and so little regard is paid to the teaching of morals, either in our schools or from the pulpit, that there is, I think, a wide sphere of influence open to the Ethical Society. . . ."

Extract from a letter from Dr. Martineau in answer to one about the Ethical Society:—

"I do not wonder that you find it a knotty problem to decide between the claims and the defects of the Ethical Societies. It is impossible not to welcome moral culture and coherent moral convictions on any terms where they can be induced or increased in minds previously ill-furnished with them. And for the many who in these days have become alienated from all theological belief, there is great need of some provision for holding fast the reverence for right, and clearing the order of moral obligations. For them, ethics are at the summit of life, the crown of its meaning; and to sweep the clouds away from them can only increase the blessing of light But then you must be prepared to accept whatever may be shown you as the cloud is driven away—whatever is hid beneath the mystery of Duty; even though *that* should be the very Presence Divine, the pre-supposition of which you had renounced at the beginning.

"Now against this the Ethical Society makes express provision. It insists on holding

Ethics to a *neutral position* towards Theism—none the worse for being without it, none the better for being with it; having no dependence upon it for either root or fruit.

"This assumed isolation of Ethics and elimination of the Theological idea from its meaning and contents, is to me the falsest of all the propositions that have been advanced on the subject. It simply assassinates the living object of study at the outset, and then proceeds to dismember and dissect its corpse. . . .

"The Ethical Societies by their attempt to be rid of Theology, cripple their theories of anticipation, and leave no scope for more than the morality of expediency or of ungrounded sentiment. For this reason I have never been able to join them, or to expect more from them than the personal satisfaction of the members who find a pleasant fellowship in them."

In another letter to Dr. Martineau she wrote:—

"I fully recognise the importance of discovering and tracing to their source the mythological elements in the life of Jesus, and not less important is the task of winnowing his reputed utterances and of separating the chaff and other foreign accretions with which they have become associated, from the golden grain which remains after the process of elimination has been completed. These golden words, embodying the fundamental truths of religion, appear to me to be infinitely precious, and no work to be more important than to unfold their meaning, and to form an adequate conception of the sublime soul of which they are the expression. Wonderful indeed must have been the mind which, in spite of the false halo by which it has been surrounded, has continued to win the love and reverence of mankind. In the present day when, owing to the breaking up of traditional Christianity, so many are drifting into agnosticism, supreme importance attaches to the example of unswerving faith in spiritual realities (supplied) by Jesus

Christ. Moreover, occupying, as he does, a unique position in history, and commanding the sympathies of Christendom, he forms a bond of union between the various sections of the Christian Church, and acts as the friend and elder Brother of us all. It is my earnest hope that, when shorn of all meretricious adjuncts, by the simple grandeur of his soul, and from his unique historical position, he will continue to be the common centre of our reverence and love."

Extract from another letter :—

"I have been reading with great interest 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.' The chapters on 'Biogenesis,' 'Eternal Life,' and others, though very interesting and suggestive, do not satisfy me. In drawing, as the author does, an absolute line of demarcation between the so-called carnal and spiritual mind, making the latter depend for its existence and subsequent development upon an external influence, of which Christ is the Medium, he seems to me to ignore the divine character of man's higher nature as

exhibited by Socrates and other noble characters before the advent of Christianity. I cannot regard the moral qualities displayed by them, and their noble aspirations after truth and goodness, as mere lifeless crystals ! It is my firm belief that those who have hungered and thirsted after righteousness, though without any knowledge of Christ, will be filled, even though it be unconsciously, with the Spirit of God ! Fidelity to our highest ideal, if that ideal be in harmony with the law of our being, appears to me the condition appointed by God Himself for contact between the divine and human mind ; of course, where this contact rises into direct communion, the highest form of spiritual life is developed."

As the years went on, and the century drew to a close, one after another of the lights that had illuminated it were extinguished, and she had the grief of seeing many of those she had loved and honoured pass away.

Rev. W. H. Channing, Russell Lowell,

Tennyson, Browning, Newman, Gladstone, all left this world within a few years of one another, and of the last-named she wrote, soon after his death :—

"On the 19th of May, 1898, Mr. Gladstone breathed his last, leaving the world poorer by his death! Not only is his loss deeply deplored by all English-speaking people, the nations of Europe also have paid their tribute of admiration and respect to the memory of the great statesman who has done so much to raise the tone of international politics, and who emphatically proclaimed the great principle, that public as well as private affairs must be based upon the moral laws.

"The great work which he accomplished in this direction accounts for the widely extended reverence of which he has been the object since his decease, the universality of which has surprised even his friends. At his funeral in Westminster Abbey, his political opponents, laying aside their antagonism, joined his friends in doing honour to his memory.

"Feeling the deepest sympathy with Mr. Gladstone during his long and painful illness, and the warmest gratitude for the kindness which he had shown me in by-gone years, I ventured, not long before his departure, to write to him, giving expression to my feelings, and hoping at the same time that he would not consider that I was taking a liberty in thus addressing him; knowing that he was too ill to write, I did not, of course, expect acknowledgment of my missive.

"Shortly afterwards, however, I received a letter from Miss Gladstone, telling me that 'her father had been gratified by my letter, and that he sent his love to me.'

"Such a message from 'the great statesman and still greater man,' who was so soon to bid us farewell, was and is very precious to me."

Her last communication from her honoured friend, F. W. Newman, touched her deeply. The relationship between these two was reversed in later life; the teacher of former years became the pupil and disciple

of her whose vision was clearer and whose spirit rose to higher levels than he had been able to attain to. Driven from the University of Oxford in 1830 because he could not conscientiously sign the thirty-nine Articles without which he could not take his degree —alienated, later, from the Christian religion by the anathemas of his brother the Cardinal, and certain historical difficulties connected with the Gospels which his logical mind could not get over, he was drawn back at the end of his long life by the sweet reasonableness and loving sympathy of his friend Anna Swanwick, and the teaching of Dr. Martineau.

As early as 1876 he became a subscriber to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. It is touching to learn from one of the last letters written shortly before the close of his life, at the age of 92, that he wishes once again definitely to take the name of Christian.

In almost illegible writing, he says :—

"If I live through this year, I hope to effect, by aid of a friend's eyes, a third and

stereotyped edition of my 'Paul of Tarsus,' with grateful acknowledgment that in spite of a few details I more and more come round to the substance [of the views] of my honoured friend, James Martineau. Also I close by my now sufficient definition of a Christian, 'one who in heart, and steadily, is a disciple of Jesus in upholding the prayer called the Lord's prayer, as the highest and purest in any known national religion.' I think J. M. will approve this."

A few days afterwards, forgetting that he had already written, he penned with great difficulty these lines: "I fear you will hardly read this. . . . My new idea is perhaps with you very old. . . . Asked what is a Christian I reply, one who earnestly 'uses in word and substance the traditional prayer of Jesus, older than any Gospel—this supplants all creeds.'" A few days later, "I can only say I bless God for your past friendship, and rejoice in having known you and yours. . . ."

Shortly after this he passed into the silent land.

The following interesting extracts are taken from letters written by Anna Swanwick to a friend dated 1897.

"Our human relations are, in my judgment, hallowed by the belief that, springing as they do from an eternal root, they help us to live more habitually under the influence of divine realities."

To the same :—"Friend after friend departs, and dark indeed would this world become if, as one by one they pass into the silent land, they did not add to the brightness of the Heavenly Home which awaits us beyond the grave."

To the same :—"I am fond of the lines in Wordsworth's lovely hymn, 'And glorify for us the west, when we shall sink to final rest,' and I feel truly grateful that in the case of so many friends the prayer has been realised : and departures may truly be regarded as spiritual sunsets, carrying the mind irresistibly onward to the spirit's rising in the Better Land."

Letter from Dr. Martineau, 1897 :—

"The older I grow, the more am I drawn to the souls who, however the outer brilliancy of life may fade, still find 'a glory in the grass,' and whose heart is with the Light that casts it."

Although she felt the burden of advancing years, and was often a sufferer from ill health, Anna Swanwick was never depressed or desponding, and she wrote thus cheerfully in 1898 to her friend, Madame Retzius, in Stockholm :—

"With regard to myself, being in my eighty-fifth year, I feel that my working days are over ; nevertheless, I recognise with joy that, with advancing age, my sense of the wonderful beauty of the universe, as seen in the infinitely great and the infinitely little, grows more and more intense, and this joy is heightened by the recognition that our Heavenly Father reveals Himself to His children's hearts, through the marvellous beauty of His glorious works."

She retained this beautiful joyousness of spirit to the last day of her life.

Absolutely free from all thought of self, and possessed in a large measure of that humility of which St. Paul speaks, the humility born of a great soul, it was with unfeigned surprise that she received a letter, the last year of her life, in the spring of 1899, from the Senate of the University of Aberdeen, saying "they had resolved to confer upon her the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws," and asking if she would agree to accept it? She replied accepting the honour, but saying that she felt her health too uncertain to allow of her undertaking the long journey to Aberdeen, and the fatigue and excitement of the ceremony of conferring degrees, which was fixed for April 7th. In consequence of this communication she received a letter from the Secretary, saying that it had been resolved "that the Degree of LL.D. should be conferred upon her 'in absentia.'"

The following interesting account of the proceedings appeared in the Aberdeen *Daily Free Press* the next day :—

"PRESENTATION OF HONORARY GRADUATES AT THE ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY. April 7, 1899.

"In accordance with the practice of recent years the merits of each honorary graduate were touched upon, ere the graduate was called on to be formally 'capped.' Professor Pirie introducing Miss Anna Swanwick, said, 'The honorary degree will be conferred, in absence, on Miss Anna Swanwick, a distinguished authoress in two departments of literature (applause). She was one of the workers, of whom Thomas Carlyle is the most famous, who about the middle of the century, set about familiarising the people of this country with the masterpieces of German literature. Her chief work in this department was a translation of 'Faust' published in 1851. She is not less distinguished as a Greek scholar, having translated in 1865 the Æschylean Trilogy. In 1873 appeared her great work, a verse translation of the whole of Æschylus, a rendering which has not yet been surpassed in its kind. She has also

done much by her example and influence to establish Ladies' Colleges in England, and generally to raise the standard of female education. In recognition of these valuable works and of her continued services, the Senate has resolved to confer on Miss Swanwick the title of Doctor of Laws (Applause)."

Professor Harrower sent her his congratulations the day the degree was conferred, and ended his letter with these words :—

"I am very glad that the University should have been the first to publicly recognise your great services to literature and education by conferring a Degree. The Scotch Universities owe to you, and to those who worked with you, a great debt of gratitude, for we have now a large number of excellent lady students, and I am glad to say they are especially distinguishing themselves in Classics."

Having assisted at the inauguration of the two Colleges which were first opened to women in 1850, she was gratified to learn in her eighty-fifth year, that in the statutes

drawn up by the Commissioners appointed under the University of London Act, "Bedford College would be formally recognised as a school of the University of London." At the close of her life she also had the pleasure of taking part in the interesting ceremonies which celebrated the Jubilee of Queen's College in 1898, and that of Bedford College in 1899. On both these occasions she addressed large audiences in spite of her great age.

In May, 1898, Queen Victoria graciously signified her intention of driving round to Harley Street, to show her interest in the Jubilee of the College that bore her name. The students on that occasion, who were assembled at the entrance hall and on the door steps dressed in white, formed a pleasing picture, and Anna Swanwick, bent with age, but full of intellectual vigour, seated in front, was introduced with other Members of the Council, to the Queen, receiving a kindly recognition from the aged Sovereign as she sat in her carriage.

. . . . .

To one so full of life and interest, a long period of forced inactivity, or any decline of mental powers, would have been a more than usually severe trial. This she was mercifully spared. Working and loving, with her mind unclouded and her eye undimmed to the last, she passed away, dying as she had lived, in the fullest trust and hope "that with the Father" all was well for His children.

On November 2, 1899, after a brief illness, Anna Swanwick fell asleep, in her eighty-sixth year.

To pass thro' life beloved as few are loved,
To prove the joys of earth as few have proved,
And still to keep thy soul's white robe unstained,
Such is the victory which thou hast gained.

In the far North, where, over frost and gloom,
The midnight skies with rosy brightness bloom,
There comes in all the year, one day complete,
Wherein the sunset and the sunrise meet :

So, in the region of thy fearless faith,
No hour of darkness marked the approach of death ;
But, ere the evening splendour was withdrawn,
Fair flashed the light along the hills of dawn.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

APPRECIATIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS

From Mrs. Russell Swanwick :—

"Ohne Hast, Ohne Rühe.

"It was a wonderful and beautiful life, so many-sided, a gem cut with so many facets, that it is hardly possible to give an idea of the whole in a short space, withal a purposeful life, every day, nay, every hour lived as though it were a trust, yet there was no severity, no thought of exaction from any but herself of a strict account of time, nor indeed was that the mainspring, rather it was the unbounded energy and zeal to learn, she was ever learning, and to do, she was ever doing, that which made every minute precious. Was there a method in her life? If so, it

was, like perfect art, so veiled as to be not apparent. There was a complete absence of self, and a most large and loving consideration of every one else. To love your neighbour as yourself seemed to be daily interpreted, 'Even better than yourself.'

"To say her love of poetry was intense is to only half express her feeling for the highest utterances of human thought. To her it was a perpetual source of joy, for which praise and thanksgiving were due. She was steeped in the outpourings of the poets of all ages. Her natural intense love of nature, and of all things beautiful, found in the expression of the Poets of Nature full satisfaction, her strong and vigorous love of Freedom and of Liberty responded to the voice of Freedom in Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge and others.

"The great tragedies of Æschylus and the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante filled her with enthusiasm and awe, as representing the great and imperative call of Duty, and the majesty of the Divine Law.

"But when the greatest of all themes, that of Worship and of God, was touched worthily by the master poets, then she was filled with the deepest reverence, and one felt that the noblest hymns and the truest outpourings of the human soul in poetry, were to her as the courts of the temple of the living God. From them, stored in her heart, she drew inspiration and love. Thus it is easily to be understood why she so earnestly enjoined on all, and particularly on her younger friends in friendly talk, and in public addresses to cultivate the early love of poetry. Her fear was great that in the ever-increasing mass of subjects which modern education required, there should be found no space for what she felt herself to be the richest jewel of all.

"But her appreciation was not a sentimental one, it was virile and true, no false sentiment, however eloquently or beautifully expressed, ever passed her scrutinising judgment. Both in poetry and in prose, in philosophy or fiction, her ear

detected a false ring and she would have none of it.

"Though she seldom spoke directly of Religion except in most intimate converse, she had a most deeply religious nature. Bred up in a broad and catholic faith, religion was to her a part of her life and of her being. In later life, independent of outward accessories of place or form, as extreme delicacy of health rendered it impossible for her to attend divine service, she worshipped the Father in Spirit and in Truth and drew daily inspiration and strength therefrom. To all who spoke with her on this subject the intense spiritual conviction and sincerity of her belief in the Divine Fatherhood of God was apparent, and she walked daily in the footsteps of the loved Master. Thus secure from all the storms of doubt and unbelief she was not afraid to face these dread spectres, nor to probe philosophic doubt to the bottom and to come back triumphant, while the discoveries of Science, which she welcomed with enthusiasm, only seemed to reveal still more the wonder and

beauty of the Universe, and the law of love which guides it. And so she gave strength to others weighed down with doubt, and full of fear and dread.

"The world of men and women has been classified into 'Light Givers,' 'Reflectors,' and 'Absorbers,' and it is a true classification. The 'Light Givers' are the rarest, and truly among them Anna Swanwick should take an honoured place. During all the years of her long and strenuous life, even to the last few days, she radiated from some inner source, light and life, giving to all who came, unstinted measure of her boundless store. An unusually gifted mind, a brilliant intellect trained through an innate desire after perfection by exact and ardent study, she possessed also the power of sharing all the delights of knowledge with others, making them participate in her own enjoyment and enthusiasm, taking them with her into her treasure-house whether of Poetry, of Philosophy or of History or Painting, or simply of the love of Nature and all beautiful things,

of noble deeds, or of the 'treasure of the Humble' of which she also knew much from personal intercourse, all touched with the glow of her own enthusiasm and love, so that it is no wonder if one felt 'How beautiful is life, how interesting, how much worth living;' and indeed, in this age of much questioning as to Life, and much weariness and *ennui*, it was like a refreshing fountain to realise this unbounded joy in life. Nothing sordid, no smallness could live in her presence. For the time being it was transmuted. Thus she ever saw human nature at its best, and as one expressed it, it was an added responsibility to life to have had the privilege of knowing her. When she worked it was with her whole heart, with intense application and absorption. One felt she mastered whatever she attempted, she got to the heart of everything and found the gold, however overladen it might be with other matter. This was true of everything, she got to the heart of life and found the gold. In spite of the absorbing nature of her study of Æschylus and of the German classics,

she was intensely interested in every new criticism, in every new discovery of Science, in every movement that made for the good of humanity. She was a talented mathematician, and would willingly have devoted her life to the study of the higher mathematics ; and she showed herself, when occasion arose, to be an eloquent and gifted public speaker. As a hostess her social gifts were brilliant. She gathered at her dinner-table, group after group of names known to fame in every walk of life, names now long since passed away, and many still living who still remember her small worn figure conquering age and delicate health with indomitable will, instinct with life, with enthusiasm, with knowledge, with sympathy, with fun, for never was there more brilliant fun and merriment than at the upper end of her long dinner table, when, the work of the day laid aside, grave and learned men unbent, and talk and laughter, story and repartee flowed, and those at the far end of the room longed to be in the midst and to catch the infection. Here were gathered

poets and statesmen, historians and travellers, Church dignitaries and scientists, all finding themselves in sympathy in the magnetism of her presence."

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Rev. P. H. Wicksteed's recollection of Anna Swanwick :—

"Her social tact and genial hospitality made her house in Cumberland Terrace a centre of intellectual life and enjoyment, through a length of years which seems to cover a whole epoch of the life of London.

"An air of exalted joyousness and confidence in all good influences made her society a mental and spiritual tonic, and many an one, known and unknown, would have felt that his year had not been properly inaugurated if he had not attended her New Year's gathering. Her public and social activities did not exhaust her amazing energy. Though her bodily frame was feeble and for long periods of her life she was subject to

severe illness, though she lay awake through many a weary night and paid in nervous exhaustion the price of her life-giving activities, yet the spirit seemed to triumph over all weakness and to draw life direct from its purest sources independently of the medium of the body. No claim, material or spiritual, ever seemed to surprise her with an empty hand or an irresponsive heart. She never forgot a friend and was never forgotten by one. Indeed, this constant, detailed, tender, personal thought for friends in every rank of society and every condition of life, perhaps remains upon the mind as the most striking characteristic of this wonderful and beautiful life. Such scope and such intensity of affection are rare indeed, and the high quality infused into them by sustained and ardent faith and habitual communion with 'the noble living and the noble dead' made her love a veritable well of life, finding 'in every nook a life that it might cheer.' Clever, good, and generous she seemed to all who came into even slightest contact with

her, but beyond this an impression of greatness deepened upon those who knew her best. To a vast circle of acquaintances she was a marvel of intellectual versatility, philanthropic activity, and social tact. The inner circle of those around her (including old dependents and servants, loved and loving) felt something akin to awe, as though in the presence of majestic power and (as one of them has said) of 'the sweetest soul that ever looked through mortal eyes.' In truth, those eyes, and the features in which they were set, were the despair of artists, and must be the despair still more of him who would paint in words. Her figure and her features alike bore the impress of strain, and her voice, though flexible, had little natural melodiousness of tone, but through all, the living spirit so breathed, that voice, face and figure became the transparent garb, or rather the visible setting forth of soul. Tenderness and grace spoke through the whole range of the gamut in them ; but when moral principles must be vindicated they were capable of assuming an

impressive sternness which spoke of the strength that underlay her tenderness, for though she had a strong deference for assured position, whether in the intellectual or the social world, yet where fundamental spiritual and moral principle was at stake she would follow no master, bow to no authority, and respect no position. Never was there a more infallible power than hers of discriminating between the humility that acknowledges superior information and power, and the moral and spiritual pusillanimity that allows principles to be warped or thrust aside by personal authority. Hence, while she opened her mind with perfect catholicity to all spiritual influences and was humble in her estimate of her powers, while she fearlessly faced philosophical doubt and questioning, not as a foe to be fought, but as a depth to be explored, yet where fundamental spiritual and moral principle was concerned she stood immovable. She had 'burned her way through the world to this,' and no one could make her call right wrong, rob her of the

treasure of her faith, or induce her to turn back upon her religious traditions of freedom, progress, and truth. All through her life she felt the inspiration of Dr. Martineau's teaching, and enjoyed his friendship, which she prized as one of the choicest privileges of her life. Her social and political aspirations, however, were too deeply based in her own nature to need the sanction or even the support of any guide, and hence to the end she was as keen and hopeful as she had ever been in her youth. Her confidence in the spiritual realities and in the triumph of moral principles had not grown by the breath of popular applause, and did not sink in seasons of reaction or flagging faith around her. The bright and joyous spirit which triumphed over pain and trial was with her to the last. She 'lived by admiration, hope and love.'"

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From the Rt. Hon. James Bryce :—

"*March* 11, 1903.

"It was only in her later years that I knew Miss Anna Swanwick, and I did not very frequently meet her, for London is of all places that in which it is most difficult to make sure of seeing even the persons whom it is most a pleasure and a privilege to see. But she was so frank and genial and winning that she attracted from the first those who had an opportunity of knowing her, so that acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. The first time I met her was at a dinner party at the house of the late Dr. William Smith, then Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. We had a long conversation about history and literature, and I remember that she took me to my house in her carriage on her way home, talking the whole time with the greatest vivacity. In her simplicity and her modest unconsciousness of her own gifts and attainments she reminded me of Longfellow, from whose conversation one would never have gathered that he had written a line himself,

and who was the most indulgent and appreciative critic of the work of other poets. Miss Swanwick had a similar power of appreciation and an equally lenient judgment. Her taste was singularly delicate and discriminating, her standard of excellence a high one. But she would never disparage any one's work if she could help it. She seemed unwilling to believe anything but good of others. This leniency belonged to the sweetness of her character, and was reflected in the gentleness of her manner. One always came away feeling the better for having been in the company of one so kindly and so gracious and also so perfectly reverent and unworldly, for her thoughts were always bent upon high things. I do not at this moment recollect whether she was a special devotee of Wordsworth, but she always used to appear to me to be penetrated by a sort of Wordsworthian ideality.

"Her intellect was extremely alert, her memory for what she had seen or read quick and accurate. Her love of letters did not

prevent her from taking a constant and lively interest in what was passing in the world. I recollect that she used to follow Mr. Gladstone's action with keen sympathy, having a warm admiration for him, though she did not agree with his Home Rule policy, and he felt a like admiration for her.

"Next to the charm of her sweetness, that which one found most delightful was the joyous freshness of her mind. Neither the weakness of age nor the sadness she felt at seeing so many friends pass away before her, seemed to reduce either her eagerness for knowledge or her affection for those around her, or her hopefulness for the future of mankind. A brighter spirit conjoined to a more lovable nature we shall not see again.

"Sincerely yours,

"James Bryce."

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From the Rt. Hon. W. E. Lecky :—

"You ask me to write down a few reminiscences of Miss Swanwick. I am a little perplexed at your request, for though I had

the privilege of her friendship during many years, I never saw as much of her as many of her friends, and I never made any notes of her conversation. It is needless to speak of her admirable knowledge of German and Greek, and of the rare beauty of her translations both of Æschylus and Goethe. They have held their place in spite of numerous competitors, and their wide popularity as well as the admiration of many excellent scholars sufficiently attest their value. Her translation of Goethe's 'Iphigenia in Tauris' has always seemed to me especially masterly, and I know few translations which preserve so unimpaired the poetic spirit of the originals. Though a very learned lady, Miss Swanwick was as far as possible removed from the pretentiousness which is sometimes associated with that name, and I think few persons can have come in contact with her without feeling her charm. What always struck me the most in her was her cheery optimism, the enthusiasm for all great unselfish causes which she retained to the very last,

her singularly hopeful and indulgent view of human nature. Poetry, which to so many of us soon becomes little more than the relaxation of an idle hour, seemed to have entered into the very depths of her being, and it is not too much to say that Wordsworth was one of the great stays and comforts of her life. To this may, no doubt, be largely ascribed the youthfulness and freshness of character she never lost. She used herself to express a wonder at her old age and her complete inability to realise it. She was an excellent critic, at least of poetry, but also a most kindly one, naturally bringing into relief the beauties of a work rather than its defects, and always retaining before great men a modesty of mental attitude not common in our days. Genuine modesty and complete unselfishness of nature were, I think, her dominant characteristics. I have never heard her say an unkindly word of any one, and it was curious to watch how invariably she would brush aside sombre thoughts and pessimistic predictions; how courageously

she could always look upon the future, how fully she remained in touch not only with the philanthropic but also with nearly all the progressive movements of her time. Dr. Martineau, with whom she had a long and intimate friendship, represented, I think, most faithfully her opinions on many serious subjects. She had a lifelong veneration for Tennyson, who, as she once said, had been 'a kind of musical accompaniment to her whole life.' She had great conversational powers, and her language—choice, vivid, and copious—had a quaint, old-world flavour. She talked very literally like a book, and her phrases—more formal and elaborate than is now the custom—often reminded me of a character in an eighteenth-century or early nineteenth-century novel. Her conversation, however, was never overpowering, and it almost always turned on subjects of enduring interest, and scarcely ever on the passing gossip of the hour. With her small, bent form, her bright eyes, her eager, enthusiastic expression, and her swift flow of brave and inspiring words, she was a most attractive and

original figure, and in the wide circle of her friends she was rarely spoken of except as 'Anna Swanwick,' 'dear Anna Swanwick.'

"Yours very truly,

"W. E. Lecky."

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From Miss Drewry :—

"The pleasure and privilege of such acquaintance as I had with Miss Anna Swanwick, which, though not intimate, was sufficient to enable me to realise what she was, came to me through my dear master, Professor Newman. I remember well how warmly she received me, on his introduction, as a fellow worker, however far behind her, in the field of progress and higher culture for women. We had, in earlier days, several talks on the education of girls, classical studies for women, and many other subjects. I am pretty sure that we did not always agree, and I bear in mind the respect and ready sympathy with which she listened to my often, doubtless, impetuously uttered convictions rather than arguments—a respect and sympathy which

I have always looked back upon with some surprise and great gratitude ; for, younger in mind even than in years, I had very much to learn at that time, and was more easily moved by kindly suggestion than by opposition or evident disapproval.

" Some years later the interest we both took in Mr. Browning's poetry drew us together, and I had reason to admire her large power of sympathy with very different kinds of minds, and her keen critical insight.

" The delightful Sunday evening meals to which she made me, and my sister also, welcome from time to time—opportunities so simple and free of enjoying intercourse of the highest order—are yet fresh in my mind. Some of her visitors on these occasions were men and women of mark, whom it was a privilege to hear talk, and her large range of information and interest, her beautiful simplicity and forgetfulness of self, and her sweet and perfect womanliness, seemed to draw us together as into a happy family party.

" The last occasion on which I saw her was after a visit I paid to Weston-super-Mare in

1897, at the request of my dear old master, Professor Newman, only a short time before his death. She was then evidently failing in strength, but her spirit was as bright as ever. Of course our talk was chiefly of that dear friend whom we should neither of us see again in this world, and whose love and help had formed to both of us so large a power in our lives. Yet there was little of sadness in her tone. She, too, was nearing the end of her earthly journey, but looked forward with unclouded faith and serene hope to another life which should open out to all new opportunities of increased intellectual and spiritual activity and usefulness. I have always felt the richer for knowing her, and this last interview was a privilege for which I was most grateful.

"Of Miss Swanwick's high attainments, linguistic, classical, and literary, others can and will speak with more weight than I could, but I, at all times, felt the charm of so much learning, so gently and unconsciously borne.

"Louisa Drewry."

From Mr. Justin McCarthy :—

"It can have been given to few mortals to live a life of greater fulness, consistency, and quiet fruitful endeavour than that of Miss Anna Swanwick. She lived only to do good, to spread the light of education, to bring literature and art and science as far as she could within the reach of the poor and lowly, and above all things else to help in the training of women for the higher purposes of their lives. She concerned herself more with women's duties than with 'Women's Rights,' and while she was far too enlightened not to strive for a removal of all needless difficulties that may have been placed in the way of their usefulness, her great ambition was to bring out their intellectual and moral nature to its full development. To this task she was faithful to the very end of her calm and noble life.

"She would have made a name for herself in literature if she had been content to devote herself to literature alone. No one did more than she to make English readers familiar

with the works of Goethe and Schiller; she followed, in that way, the path which had been opened by Coleridge and by Carlyle, and she followed it out with success. Then she tried a bolder effort, and she rendered into thrilling English some of the noblest of the Greek tragedies—those tragedies which rank among the grandest accomplishments of human genius.

"Miss Swanwick did not write for a living. She had means enough to live on, and was not compelled to shred out her mind into pages of 'copy' in order to obtain so many weekly coins in return. Now, there can be no doubt that there are and always have been men and women of intellect, and even of genius, who work all the better because they are driven to work by imperious necessity. But every one who has studied literary life must have seen again and again examples of great natural gifts marred and wasted by continuous and unavoidable submission to the needs of making a living, or the temptations to make a living more easily

and more readily. The great poet whom Anna Swanwick did so much to introduce to the English public, Goethe himself, has told us in one of his writings that if he had been a poor young man depending on literature for his living during the *Sturm und Drang* period of German literature, he must, in all probability, have been compelled to go in with the fashion of the hour and try to make money by pleasing the popular taste. If Anna Swanwick had had to write for a living, she would probably not have found the time to translate Greek tragedies, for it may be taken, I think, as a matter of certainty that the translation of Greek tragedies does not pay. She was happily enabled to follow the paths which her own intellectual tastes, and her devoted interest in the welfare of the human race, marked out for her as the course of her life, and a temperament like hers must have been happy while engaged in such work ; she must have lived, as Carlyle says of her admired Schiller, ' Among heroes and kings, and visions of

immortal beauty.' But she had much happiness, too, in her frequent associations with men and women of the highest intellect, belonging to her own country and to many other countries, who appreciated her and made her feel that she was of kin with them. Anna Swanwick lived in the most quiet and modest way, but her means were enough for her unostentatious mode of existence, and the allurements of what is called society had no charm for her.

"Her luxuries consisted first in lending a helping hand to all beneficent purposes that came within her reach, and next in meeting people of culture and intellect. At her quiet home in Regent's Park she often gathered around her dinner-table men and women whose names were in the foremost rank of literature, of art, and of politics.

"I am glad, however, to be able to say that she made friendships, too, with some who had no claim to any such distinction, and, indeed, took a pleasure in bringing any friend into acquaintanceship with the leaders of intel-

lectual movement. At her dinner-table I have thus been privileged to meet Gladstone, Dean Stanley, James Russell Lowell, Lord Acton, Sir Theodore Martin and his wife, who won fame on the stage as Helen Faucit, and many others whom indeed it was a privilege to meet under such conditions of friendly and informal intercourse.

"Miss Swanwick was a most charming hostess, all the more charming because she never seemed to be making any effort to play the hostess's part. She did not lead the conversation or force it, or even try to direct it, but she kept it going ; she knew how to intervene at the right time when some one subject seemed to be flagging, and the opportunity had come for another. In this way she reminded me sometimes of George Eliot, and of the quiet manner with which that great authoress used to keep the talk going at one of her afternoon gatherings, not far from that part of the Regent's Park in which Miss Swanwick's home was made. Miss Swanwick, too, had the happy art, or

the happy temperament I should rather say, which would put all the company at their ease, and for the moment on a level of intellectual companionship. I have seen more than one hostess who, when entertaining some great personage, always seemed unresting in her anxiety to make the others of the company understand what a great personage he was, and how he and nobody else was the hero of the hour, to whom homage should be done. Miss Swanwick had nothing of this in her quiet manner; it was her object to make the company companionable, and in this she always succeeded. Another charming peculiarity about her was that, with all her devotion to certain great purposes, she never appeared to have a hobby—that is to say, she never trotted out any particular scheme of her own, and compelled her guests to look at that, and think of that and nothing else, for the time.

"JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"*Weekly Register*, 1899."

Mr. Mackenzie Bell writes :—

"What one felt most about our much loved Miss Anna Swanwick's conversation was its extraordinary, almost unique combination of tender perfect womanliness with great intellectual force. Perhaps the reason for this might be found in her absolute youthfulness of soul and her complete adaptability and even eagerness to accept new modes of thought if they appealed to her judgment. And this was because in the fine phrase of Miss Beatrice Harraden she had always cultivated her 'garden.' Of old age she herself had no apprehension, and to witness hers was an inspiration indeed. Once, when I told to her the fear I had then of old age, she answered, 'You need not fear it, dear, for one finds that one cares more year by year for the flowers and the sunshine, and one *sees* their beauty so much *more than ever*, that what one gains is much more than what one loses.'

"When one was with her sheltered in her 'Little Madeira' (for such she called

the spacious drawing-room with its lovely outlook on the Regent's Park, in which, owing to chest weakness, she spent most of the winter months during her later life) one forgot her feebleness of body in one's keen enjoyment of her constant buoyancy of temperament. This buoyancy, this elasticity was caused in part no doubt by her many interests; but it was caused also to a large extent by the self-discipline, half conscious, half unconscious, that was a facet of her character. To her, conscience and duty were supreme, the former she almost deified.

"It must not be supposed that in all respects, save in mind, she seemed of advanced age. Her sight was wonderful. When eighty-six she read aloud to me without spectacles a letter written in a crabbed, illegible handwriting. Naturally I expressed surprise at her being able to do so. She replied: 'I have never used spectacles except when painting in water-colours; and in early youth, standing at Seacombe, I used

to be able, when the light was favourable, to make out the time on St. Nicholas' Church in Liverpool.' To any one aware of the distance between Seacombe on the Cheshire—the southern—shore of the Mersey, and St. Nicholas' Church, Liverpool, on the northern shore, this will seem an amazing feat.

"She was one of the last inheritors of the old courtliness of manner which was apparent even to strangers; but to know her well was to realise with increasing clearness that her loftiness of soul was enmeshed with deep affectionateness. It seemed peculiarly appropriate that the translator of the great Greek dramas and the author of 'Poets the Interpreters of Their Age' should be surrounded by busts and relics of the antique, the busts of Æschylus and Dante being prominent always. Her love for and knowledge of the classical temper enabled her to appreciate adequately the 'Erectheus' of our surviving singer of the great poetic past, Mr. Swinburne.

"Her humour, though very quiet, was absent rarely. Indeed, intercourse with her made one realise with ever-increasing intensity how important is humour among the great qualities of a great mind. With inimitable point she told an anecdote respecting Fredrika Bremer, related to Miss Swanwick by the Swedish authoress herself. Long before she had visited America she looked forward to meeting Nathaniel Hawthorne in his home. When the appointment was made she said to the friends with whom she was staying how deeply she regretted defective railway arrangements would only enable her to spend three-quarters of an hour with the illustrious romancist. Long before the three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, however, she wished herself away because of Hawthorne's 'great silence.' For, after greeting her, he had sat saying absolutely nothing!

"Miss Swanwick's anecdotes of eminent persons were never obtruded in her conversation, but, in the most charming and

guileless manner, she used to allude to those living and dead whom she had loved. Of Gladstone she mentioned as an instance of strength of will and individual detachment, that, on the eve of his final retirement from office, he had completed his translation of Horace. To know Miss Swanwick was a joy and a solace; to remember her is to remember all that is noblest in human life and in human character."

. . . . .

Sir Joshua Fitch writes :—

"Much weightier testimony than mine will have been given by other of her friends who had known and honoured Miss Swanwick for many years. Her learning, her sympathy with the best social and educational movements of our time, and especially the delight with which she witnessed the steady increase during the whole of the late Queen's reign of the influence of women in art, in literature, in the public service, and in the intellectual life of the nation generally, were very marked

features of her character even to the last. It was in regard to the last of these—the opening of new scholastic privileges to girls at public schools and universities—that I had most frequently the opportunities of hearing her views. I may mention one incident in her life with which I had occasion to feel a special interest, as my name was associated with hers in connection with the distribution of a considerable sum of money under the Pfeiffer bequest. Mr. Jürgen Pfeiffer, a wealthy City merchant, and his wife, Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, the authoress of some graceful and pleasing poems, were great admirers of Miss Swanwick's character and genius, and shared to the full her enthusiasm for the improvement in women's education, and for their professional and intellectual advancement. The will of Mr. Pfeiffer, drawn in 1884, with the full concurrence of his wife, contains some remarkable provisions :—

"'I have always had, and am adhering to, the idea of leaving the bulk of my property for charitable and educational purposes in

favour of women. Theirs is, to my mind, the great influence of the future. Education and culture and responsibility in more than one direction, including that of politics, will gradually fit them for the exercise of every power that could possibly work towards the regeneration of mankind. It is women who have hitherto had the worst of life, and I therefore have determined to help them to the best of my ability and means. Moreover, boys should work out their own career, and not be brought up with a silver spoon in their mouth. The world would be by far the better were every boy made to work and no money be left, except in peculiar cases, for him to lean and depend on. I have therefore arranged my bequests in accordance with these never-forsaken views. . . . The remaining part of my property I desire to be divided as endowments among charities or educational establishments on behalf of women; I repeat, of women solely, . . . and I desire that my friends, the Right Honourable A. J. Mundella, Vice-President of the Council of Education, Mr. J. G. Fitch, Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Training Colleges, and Miss Anna Swanwick, should be consulted on this important subject. In my own mind I would leave most

towards educational wants and culture, whereby we secure most good for the future. I desire also that my wife's name should be chiefly associated with all bequests; at all events it should never be separated from mine.'

"Mr. Pfeiffer died in 1889, and his wife survived him for one year only. After all legal matters connected with the estate had been settled, the Judge in Chancery instructed the Attorney-General to consult the three persons named in the will, and with them to prepare a scheme for the distribution of the residuary estate, amounting to about £60,000. Miss Swanwick took the keenest and most helpful interest in the fulfilment of this task. We had to examine and to estimate the relative claims of very numerous applicants, but we laid down for ourselves a rule that it would be expedient to confine such grants as should be made to institutions fulfilling certain conditions: (1) They should be of an assured and permanent character, under the management of responsible governing bodies, and not small, private, or experimental chari-

ties. (2) They should be for the benefit—educational or professional—of women and girls only. (3) They should be wholly unsectarian in character. (4) The grants should, if employed as capital, be spent for the erection of needful buildings, libraries or halls; or else, if the capital sum was invested, the interest should be devoted to the foundation of some lectureship, studentship, prizes or exhibitions bearing the founder's name.

With the full approval of the Attorney-General of the day—Sir Richard Webster, now Lord Chief Justice Alverstone—the scheme thus prepared received the sanction of the Court, and took final effect in 1894. Girton and Newnham Colleges received £5,000 each, and other institutions, including Bedford and Queen's Colleges, the School of Medicine for Women, the Maria Grey Training College in London, Somerville Hall, Oxford, the women's Training College in Cambridge, the women's Colleges and Halls attached to Trinity College, Dublin, to the Universities of Edinburgh

and St. Andrews, and to the Welsh Colleges at Cardiff and Aberystwyth, besides the Society for the Employment of Women, the Hall of Residence attached to University College, and the College for Working women. All of these received substantial grants, in no case less than £2,000. Every one of these institutions is still flourishing, and owes part of its prosperity and usefulness to the Pfeiffer bequest.

"I am sure that this little episode in Miss Swanwick's long and busy life was a source of real pleasure to her, and called forth in a very characteristic way her powers of judgment, her large knowledge of educational subjects, and her strong sympathy with some of the best of the modern agencies for the improvement of women's education. Mr. Mundella and I were greatly aided in a rather intricate and difficult task by her sagacity and ripe experience, and particularly by the scrupulous fairness and impartiality with which she weighed the respective merits of the various applicants for a share in the grant."

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Dates of Publication.	Published Works of Anna Swanwick
1843	Selections from the Dramas of Goethe and Schiller, translated, one volume.
1847	Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans, translated. Pub. Standard Library.
1850	Goethe's Egmont, verse translation.
1851	First part of Goethe's Faust, translated.
1865	The Trilogy of Æschylus, translated.
1873	Dramas of Æschylus, complete.
1873	Dramas of Æschylus, illustrated edition.
1879	Goethe's Faust, 1st and 2nd parts, revised edition.
1884	Dramas of Æschylus, fourth edition, revised.
1888	Goethe's Egmont, Tasso, and Iphigenia, in one volume.
1888	An Utopian Dream (booklet).
1892	Poets the Interpreters of Their Age, one volume.
1893	Evolution and the Religion of the Future, small volume.

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